



⇒ VOLUME 4 ⇐

RICHARD CORBEN • HARVEY KURTZMAN
MATT WAGNER • SEAN PHILLIPS • GARCES
JACK DAVIS • AL WILLIAMSON

RAY
BRADBURY
CHRONICLES

H O R R O R

I

It Burns Me Up

II

Touched by Fire

III

AN E.C. CLASSIC

The Black Ferris



NANTIER • BEALL • MINOUSTCHINE
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DANIEL BRERETON's first major work, *The Black Terror* for Eclipse, won him the Russ Manning Award for Best Newcomer. Since then he has lent his emotive, fast-paced painting style to DC's *The Psycho* mini-series, an adaption of Clive Barker's *Dread* for Eclipse, and covers for various companies. He is currently illustrating the new *World's Finest* series for DC.

HARVEY KURTZMAN wrote, drew and edited comics for most of his life. He died in February 1993. Known most widely as the creative force behind the original *Mad* magazine and its mascot, Alfred E. Neuman, Kurtzman has taught and influenced several generations of comics artists. He recently was the editor of *The New Two-Fisted Tales*, the 1990s version of the classic E.C. war comic, also being produced by Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. for Dark Horse Comics. "To historians of pop culture," observed the New York Times Book Review, "Mr. Kurtzman is one of the most important figures in postwar America."

MATT WAGNER is a ten-year veteran of the comics field who is best known for his own creations, Grendel and Mage. He is currently writing a new monthly for DC/Vertigo entitled *Sandman Mystery Theatre* as well as other projects involving his Grendel characters. He lives with his wife, family and two cats in Portland, Oregon.

SEAN PHILLIPS's published work includes *Judge Dredd* and *Devlin Waugh* for Britain's Fleetway Editions and *Hellblazer* and *Doom Patrol* for DC Comics. He is currently illustrating Dean Motter's graphic novel *The Infernal Machine*, and drawing *Kid Eternity*, a monthly publication, both for DC/Vertigo.

JACK DAVIS came to New York in 1949 to study at the Art Students League and was snatched up at EC by Bill Gaines for the next eight years. During that period his atomic brush churned out a mountain of drawings with that one-of-a-kind style—crisp and clean.

HEATHER BROWN is an award-winning Canadian designer and illustrator who has worked in animation, publishing and the music industry. She colored *The Flying Machine* in the second volume of *The Ray Bradbury Chronicles*.

It Burns Me Up!

Adapted by Harvey Kurtzman & Matt Wagner

Lettered by Tim Sale

Touched By Fire

Adapted by Sean Phillips

Lettered by Willie Schubert

The Black Ferris

EC Classic Version

Adapted by Jack Davis

Newly colored by Heather Brown

Special thanks to Don Congdon,

Dan Martin at Sprintout,

and Uncle Ray.

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INTRODUCTION

"It Burns Me Up" is simply a word association sort of story that I experimented with often over the years. You take a character and put him in an impossible position and see what happens. In this case the person telling the story is dead, which is a little bit difficult. But think about a film like "Sunset Boulevard." That's also narrated by a dead man, who's lying in a swimming pool when the story begins. So I took the challenge and wrote the story.

The illustrators for the story, as you will see, have met the challenge beautifully.

"Touched With Fire" was the result of my reading an item in the newspaper over thirty years ago, concerning the temperature at which certain kinds of crimes were committed. Evidently there had been a study made by several police groups around the country in which they found that the crime rate went up when the temperature reached somewhere around 92 or 93 degrees.

That immediately sparked me into running to the typewriter and establishing the temperature and bringing some people on-scene to see what would happen. They might be provoked into murder by the fact there was an irritable woman and a terribly hot day.

"The Black Ferris" is the result of my childhood with circuses and carnivals. When I was five years old my mother took me on a carousel that terrified me. I think I screamed and yelled until they finally got me off the machine. This was a great way to start my relationship with strange people in strange places.

Later in my life, when I was twelve, I met a man named Mr. Electrico. He, in turn, influenced me in writing a number of short stories and finally the novel "Something Wicked This Way Comes." That novel is based on "The Black Ferris." I took the short story and spent three years turning it into the longer piece of work.

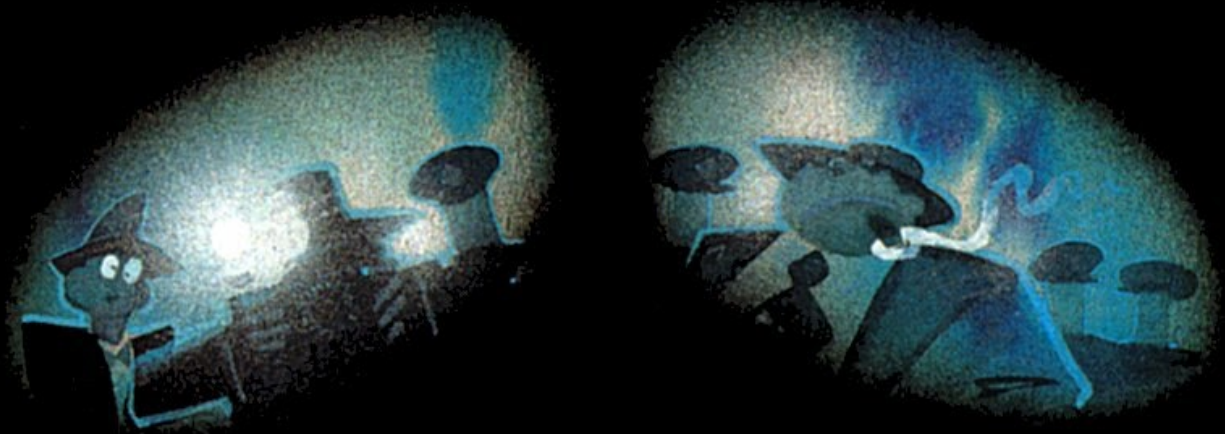
Ray Bradbury

IT BURNS ME UP!

I AM LYING HERE IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM AND I AM NOT ANGRY. IN ORDER FOR A MAN TO BE ANGRY HE MUST RECOGNIZE SOME STIMULUS FROM OUTSIDE WHICH TOUCHES HIS NERVES. THE NERVES FLASH, AND THE BRAIN KICKS BACK QUICK ORDERS TO ALL PARTS:

EYELASHES PULL BACK, EYES PROTRUDE! PUPILS DILATE! MOUTH PULL BACK FROM TEETH! BROW FURROW! HEART BEAT! BLOOD SURGE!

BUT MY EYELIDS WON'T PULL BACK.



DETECTIVES ARE SWAGGERING ABOUT MY HOUSE, SWEARING IN THE ROOMS, HONKING IN THE NIGHT, DRINKING FROM BOTTLES IN THE ALLEY. REPORTERS ARE FLASHING QUICK BULBS AT MY RELAXED BODY. NEIGHBORS ARE PEERING IN THE WINDOWS. MY WIFE IS LYING IN A CHAIR, TURNED AWAY FROM ME, AND SHE IS VERY GLAD. YOU UNDERSTAND, THEN, I HAVE JUST REASON TO BE MAD. BUT NOTHING RESPONDS. THERE IS ONLY A COLD WEIGHTLESSNESS OVER AND THROUGH ME.

I AM DEAD.

THESE PEOPLE ARE FRAGMENTS OF MY BLOODLESS DREAMING. THEY MOVE ABOUT ME LIKE CARNIVORES LUSTING OVER THE HOT SPILLED BLOOD OF KILLING AT NIGHT. A LITTLE BLOOD WILL INK A MILLION PRINTING DRUMS. A LITTLE BLOOD IS ENOUGH TO POUND THIRTY MILLION LITERATE HEARTS. TONIGHT I HAVE DIED. TOMORROW I WILL DIE AGAIN IN THIRTY MILLION BRAINS, CAUGHT LIKE A FLY IN A WEB, SUCKED DRY BY THE MULTI-TENTACLED PUBLIC AND FLUSHED ON THROUGH THE TRANSITS OF THEIR MINDS.

HERE ARE THE VULTURES CIRCLING OVER ME. THE CORONER, CASUALLY EXAMINING MY VITALS, THE HYENA NEWSMEN DIGGING AT THE DEAD THOUGHTS OF MY LOVE. CARNIVORES, PRUNING THEIR MANES.



PERHAPS MY WIFE IS THE CLEVEREST OF THEM ALL.



SHE RESEMBLES NOTHING MORE THAN A SMALL SOFT LEOPARD WHISKERING AND LICKING ITSELF, PLEASED WITH ITS ACTIONS.



THE DETECTIVE IMMEDIATELY OVERHEAD NOW IS A LARGE LIPPED MAN. ONCE IN A WHILE HIS CIGAR DROPS GRAY ASH ON MY COAT.



WELL, SO HE'S DEAD. HELL, WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT! MY WIFE'LL KILL ME! MORE DAMN MURDERS...



DIED QUICKLY. THAT KNIFE CERTAINLY DID THINGS TO HIS THROAT. AND THEN, WHOEVER DID IT STABBED HIM THREE TIMES IN THE CHEST. IMPRESSIVELY BLOODY.

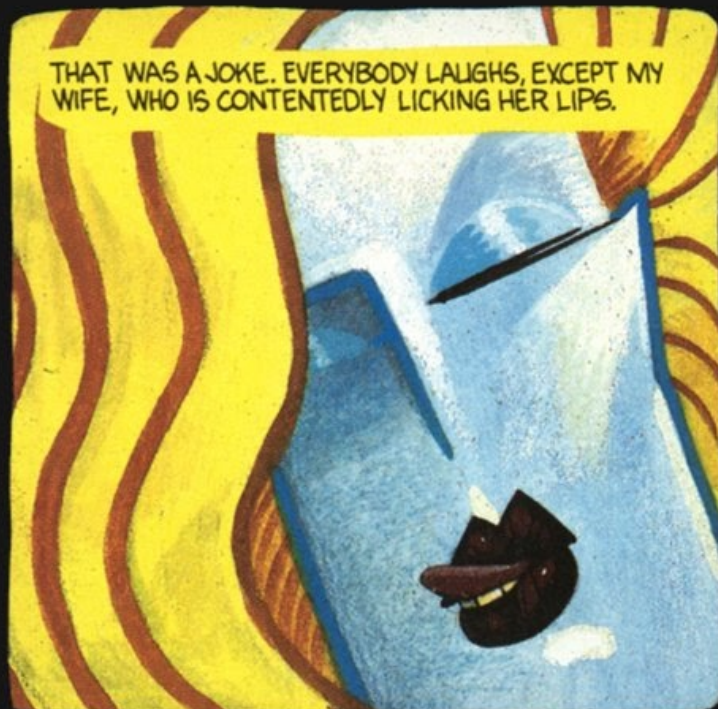






I HAD TO
GET IN. OR IT
WAS MY JOB.

HELLO
CARLETON. PULL
UP A CORPSE AND
SIT DOWN.



THAT WAS A JOKE. EVERYBODY LAUGHS, EXCEPT MY
WIFE, WHO IS CONTENTEDLY LICKING HER LIPS.



THE OTHER REPORTERS RESENT CARLETON'S
ENTRANCE BUT THEY SAY NOTHING.

WELL, EAR TO
EAR! HOW WILL HE
TALK TO ST. PETER
LIKE THAT?

*OH, I
WILL SEW HIM
UP NEW AS
PAINT!



HOTSY-TOTSY
LOVE NEST, MAYBE.
ALL THE CHRISTMAS
TRIMMINGS...

GREEN AROUND
THE GILLS AND
BIG RED RIBBONS
OF BLOOD.



EVEN THE
DETECTIVE COUGHS
A LITTLE AT THIS.
MY WIFE ADJUSTS
THE RIM OF HER
SKIRT OVER HER
LEGS, BLINKING
AT THE NEW
REPORTER AS IF
TO FAN HIS
FLAME.



BUT NOW THE
REPORTER IS
KNEELING AT
THE ALTAR OF
MY DESECRATED
FLESH.
A COLD, MARBLE
ALTAR ONLY
RECENTLY
RECARVED BY--
SOMEONE.

MRS. MCLEOD FROM NEXT DOOR IS OUTSIDE ON FAT TIPTOE, HER SHINING GRAY EYES HIPPOPOTAMUSLIKE IN THE NIGHT. SHE IS SHIVERING ON PURPOSE.

WAIT
UNTIL I WRITE
SUSAN IN
SPRINGFIELD. WILL
SHE BE JEALOUS!

I TELL YOU,
THOUGH, ANNA, COME
LOOK-- SEE THAT MAN WITH
THE FAT UNDER HIS CHIN. HE DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE A DETECTIVE TO ME. HE LOOKS
LIKE A BAD GUY, A VILLAIN. NOW TAKE
THAT YOUNG REPORTER, I BET HE'LL
BE THE ONE WHO REALLY SOLVES
THE CASE.

JUST LOOK AT
THAT WOMAN OVER
THERE IN THE CORNER.
I BET SHE WAS HIS
MISTRESS, NOT
HIS WIFE--

GET
AWAY FROM
THE WINDOW,
LADY!

WELL, I
GUESS I GOT A RIGHT
TO LOOK IN!

LADY,
MOVE
ALONG.

YOUNG
MAN, I--

THAT WILL DO,
MRS. MCLEOD,
THAT WILL DO
FOR A LONG
TIME.

THE REPORTER, CARLTON, IS NOW ATTRACTED TO MY
WIFE AS A PLANET IS TO THE SUN. THE REPORTER IS
FAST, BUT MY WIFE WON'T BE PUSHED INTO
ANYTHING. SHE SAYS IT PURRINGLY.

I CAME HOME
FROM THE NIGHTCLUB
AND THERE HE WAS, STARING
AT THE CEILING. THAT IS
ALL I KNOW.

THE OTHER REPORTERS SCRIBBLE, TOO. THEY HAD NOT GOTTEN A THING FROM HER UNTIL HANDSOME CARLTON SHOWED UP.

YOU SING AT THE NIGHTCLUB, BOMBA?

YES, I'M A VERY GOOD SINGER.

ONCE I HAD A CHANCE WITH THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY. BUT I DON'T LIKE THEM.



THE CORONER AND THE DETECTIVE ARE BOTH IRKED BECAUSE THE LIMELIGHT HAS SWIVELED FROM THEM TO THIS CHITTERING DIVERTISEMENT. THE DETECTIVE ESPECIALLY IS ANNOYED BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO PRY ANYTHING FROM MY WIFE AND NOW THIS YOUNG REPORTER--



SOMEBODY OUTSIDE HOISTS A SMALL GIRL UP TO THE WINDOW.

MOVE ALONG, LADY, PLEASE!

OH, MAMA, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT MAN?

OH, MAMA!

I BEEN ON MY FEET ALL EVENING AND I'M TIRED. MOVE AWAY--



I AM NOW IMMORTAL! CAUGHT IN THAT CHILD'S MIND I SHALL BE DEAD FOREVERMORE, AND ON DARK NIGHTS I WILL STRIDE DRUNKENLY THROUGHOUT THE SHIVERING CORRIDORS OF HER BODY. SOME NIGHT HER HUSBAND WILL FEEL HER FINGERNAILS IN HIS FLESHY ARM AND THAT WILL BE ME, CLUTCHING OUT AGAIN AT LIFE!



CAN IT, CAN IT! I'M THE ONE WHO INTERVIEWS HER. NOT YOU, BOZO!

BUT YOU WANT A GOOD REPORT FOR THE PAPERS, DON'T YOU? WITH PICTURES? SURE! AND I GOT TO GET DETAILS.



MY WIFE HAS A THIRTY-THREE BUST, TWENTY-EIGHT WAIST, THIRTY-ONE HIPS. HE IS GETTING THESE DETAILS FINE. REMIND HIM, SOMEONE, TO CALL HER UP AFTER THE FUNERAL.





THE CORONER, AFTER ALL, HAS THE RIGHT TO MAKE HIS LITTLE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. ONE OF THE REMAINING REPORTERS PIPES IN.

SAY, SHERLOCK, YOU THINK THIS IS A SUICIDE SETUP?

IF YOU ASK ME--

I AIN'T ASKING.

HOW WOULD YOU EXPLAIN THEM STAB WOUNDS?

I SEE IT THIS WAY...

SHE COMES HOME, FINDS HIM FRESHLY DEAD ON THE FLOOR HAVING JUST KILLED HIMSELF.

THAT EXPLAINS HOW SHE HAS NO BLOOD ON HER. SHE THEN TOOK THE SUICIDE WEAPON AND STABBED HIM THREE TIMES IN A FRENZY OF-- SHALL WE SAY-- DELIGHT? SHE WAS GLAD TO FINALLY LET HERSELF GO. THERE'S NO BLOOD IN THESE STAB WOUNDS, THAT PROVES HE WAS STABBED LATER, AFTER SHE FOUND HIM.

NO, NO, NOW! YOU'RE ALL WRONG!

YOU'RE DEAD WRONG!

THAT'S NOT THE WAY IT WORKED AT ALL! NOT AT ALL!

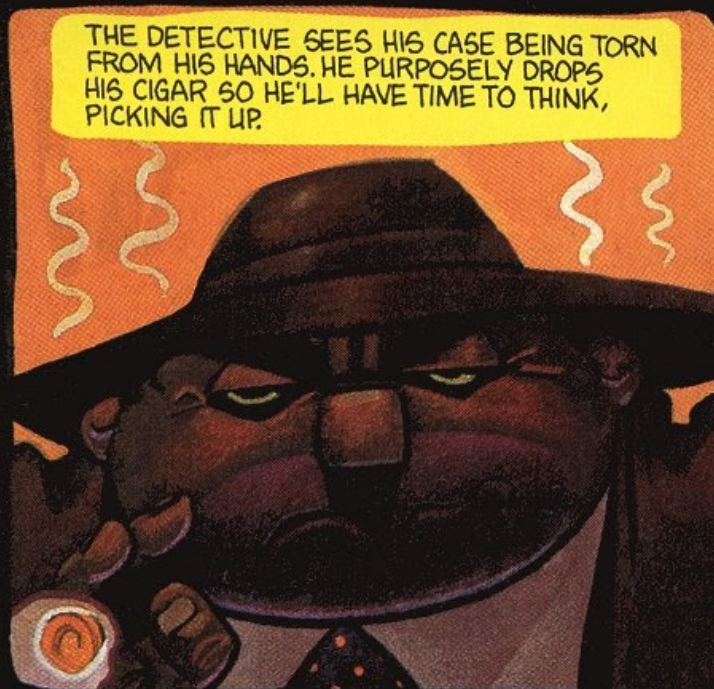
SMACK!

THE CORONER CHUCKS ME IN THE RIBS. I LOOK BACK WITH NOTHING IN MY EYES.

OH, BUT THE CORONER IS RIGHT! HE'S EXACTLY RIGHT!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE...

KICK!





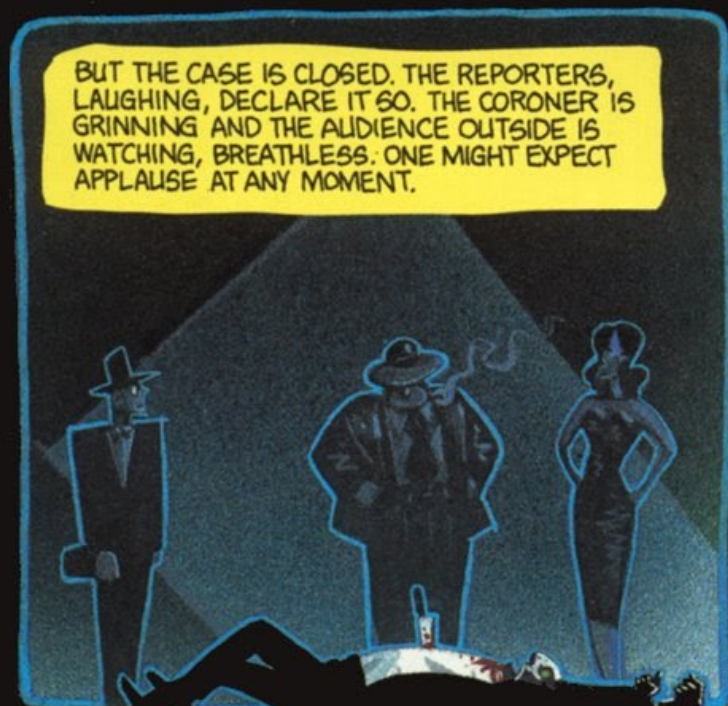
SAY, SAY, BOYS,
ABOUT THOSE PICTURES
OF ME FOR THE PAPER,
NOW--

WHAT PICTURES?
HA. PERIOD. HA.
EXCLAMATION POINT.
HA.



**EVERYBODY,
CLEAR
OUT!!**

PARTS OF THE DETECTIVE'S
CIGAR FALL ON ME AGAIN.
NOBODY BRUSHES THEM
OFF.



BUT THE CASE IS CLOSED. THE REPORTERS,
LAUGHING, DECLARE IT SO. THE CORONER IS
GRINNING AND THE AUDIENCE OUTSIDE IS
WATCHING, BREATHLESS. ONE MIGHT EXPECT
APPLAUSE AT ANY MOMENT.



Sigh:

COME ON,
MRS. JAMESON.
YOU REPORTERS WANT
ANY MORE, TAG ALONG
TO THE STATION.



BOY,
WHAT A
STORY!

QUICK,
ALICE, LOOK.
THEY'RE GOING TO
TAKE HIM
OUT!

HOTSY,
WHAT
PHOTOGRAPHS!



OH DARN IT,
WE'RE TOO LATE.
NOW WE CAN'T
SEE ANYTHING!

I'M ALONE NOW.

IN A FEW MINUTES A COUPLE OF INTERNS WILL COME IN IN THEIR WHITES, CHEWING GUM. THEY'LL GLANCE CASUALLY AT ME, TILT ME OVER ONTO A STRETCHER LANGUIDLY, AND TROT ME DOWNTOWN IN A SLOW WAGON-- NO HURRY.

AND A WEEK FROM NOW A MAN WHO IS WORRYING ABOUT HIS INCOME TAX WILL TURN A HANDLE AND FLAMES WILL BURN ME. I WILL RUSH UP THE FLUE OF THE CREMATORY IN SO MANY GRAY FLECKS.

AND WITH SOME SORT OF IRONIC JUSTICE, AND THE PROVIDENCE OF A STIFF MARCH WIND, A WEEK FROM NOW, WHEN THESE VARIOUS PEOPLE--
CARLTON,

MY WIFE,

THE DETECTIVE,

THE CORONER,

THE REPORTERS,

MRS. McLOED--

WHEN ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE CROSSING THE STREET, MAYBE SUDDENLY THEY'LL GET SOMETHING IN THEIR DAMNED EYES! ALL OF THEM!

LITTLE PIECES OF
GRAY ASH, MAYBE.

H. Kurtz
M. WAGNER



**TOUCHED BY
FIRE**





HURRY UP!



NOW DO YOU BELIEVE? SHE REALLY NEEDS OUR HELP.



MRS. DEATHWISH. GET THE TEMPERATURE JUST RIGHT, EVERYONE SWEATING, IRRITABLE--

ALONG'LL COME THIS FINE LADY, WHINING, SHRIEKING, AND SO GOOD-BYE

WELL, SHAW, DO WE START BUSINESS?



OH, BUT WE'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO DO THIS, ARE WE?

WATCHING PEOPLE, HABITS, CUSTOMS, ETCETERA, IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT ACTUALLY MIXING IN? WE'VE BETTER THINGS TO DO!



HAVE WE? DO WE LET HER RUN ON UNTIL SHE FINDS HER MURDERER?

YOU'RE RIGHT. I WOULDN'T WANT HER ON MY CONSCIENCE.



SON, WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE WOMAN WHO GIVES THE DOOR AN AWFUL SLAM WHEN SHE GOES OUT.

OH, HER? MRS. SHRIKE!



THERE IT IS! HUSBAND'S A LONGSHORE MAN, BIG, HULKING BRUTE. SAW THEM OUT ON SUNDAY.



YOU CAN'T HELP PEOPLE LIKE HER UNLESS THEY WANT TO BE HELPED.



BUT WHO'S TO SPEAK FOR HER- HER HUSBAND? HER FRIENDS?
WHO WILL TELL HER SHE NEEDS A PSYCHIATRIST? WE SHOULD.



ALL I WANT TO DO IS POST HER A WARNING. TELL HER "YOU'RE A MURDERER, A VICTIM LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HAPPEN" BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.



MORE MURDERS ARE COMMITTED AT NINETY-TWO DEGREES FAHRENHEIT THAN ANY OTHER TEMPERATURE.
IRRITABLE MURDER. THERE'S A PRETTY TERRIFYING PHRASE FOR YOU.



DON'T CHECK THE NUMBERS. LET'S GUESS WHICH APARTMENT IS HER'S.



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OH,
NO.

TELL THAT DAMNED
SON-IN-LAW OF
MINE I WON'T SEE
HIM, HE'S A LAZY
BUM!



WELL?

I'M NOT BUYING
ANYTHING.



WOULD YOU MIND
TURNING THE
RADIO DOWN?



I GOT WORK
TO DO. MAKE
YOUR PITCH.



THEY SAW THE WALL
THERMOMETER.

NINETY DEGREES
FAHRENHEIT.





I'M MR. FOXE,
THIS IS MR.
SHAW. WE'RE
RETIRED
INSURANCE
SALESMEN.

LAST YEAR WE REALIZED
THAT MANY PEOPLE DIDN'T
HAVE TO DIE SO YOUNG.
WITH THE CORRECT IN-
VESTIGATION, A NEW TYPE
OF CUSTOMER INFORMATION
MIGHT BE PROVIDED AS A
SIDELINE BY INSURANCE
COMPANIES.



I'M NOT
SICK!



BUT YOU
ARE

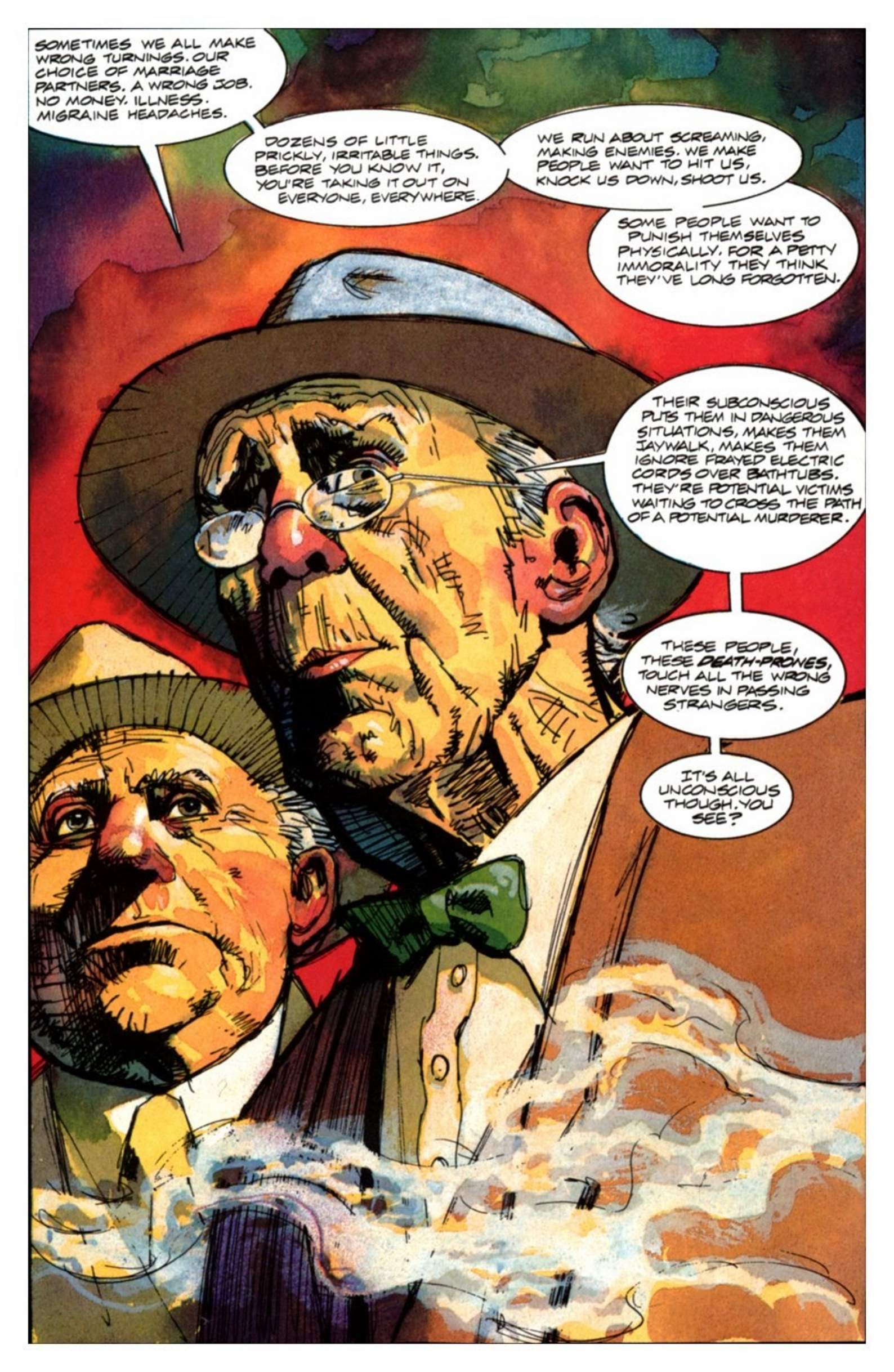
DON'T TELL
ME WHAT
I AM!



LET ME MAKE IT CLEAR. PEOPLE
DIE EVERYDAY, PSYCHOLOGICALLY
SPEAKING. SOME SMALL, TIRED
PART OF THEM TRIES TO KILL
OFF THE ENTIRE PERSON.



PEOPLE, LIKE CARS, NEED THEIR
BRAKES CHECKED, THEIR EMOTIONAL
BRAKES, DO YOU SEE? THEIR
APPROACHES AND RESPONSES TO LIFE.



SOMETIMES WE ALL MAKE
WRONG TURNINGS. OUR
CHOICE OF MARRIAGE
PARTNER'S. A WRONG JOB.
NO MONEY. ILLNESS.
MIGRAINE HEADACHES.

DOZENS OF LITTLE
PRICKLY, IRRITABLE THINGS.
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,
YOU'RE TAKING IT OUT ON
EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE.

WE RUN ABOUT SCREAMING,
MAKING ENEMIES. WE MAKE
PEOPLE WANT TO HIT US,
KNOCK US DOWN, SHOOT US.

SOME PEOPLE WANT TO
PUNISH THEMSELVES
PHYSICALLY. FOR A PETTY
IMMORALITY THEY THINK
THEY'VE LONG FORGOTTEN.

THEIR SUBCONSCIOUS
PUTS THEM IN DANGEROUS
SITUATIONS, MAKES THEM
JAYWALK, MAKES THEM
IGNORE FRAYED ELECTRIC
CORDS OVER BATHTUBS.
THEY'RE POTENTIAL VICTIMS
WAITING TO CROSS THE PATH
OF A POTENTIAL MURDERER.

THESE PEOPLE,
THESE **DEATH-PRONES**,
TOUCH ALL THE WRONG
NERVES IN PASSING
STRANGERS.

IT'S ALL
UNCONSCIOUS
THOUGH. YOU
SEE?



SO IT WAS A YEAR AGO WE DECIDED TO TRY TO FIND PEOPLE WHO NEEDED HELP. PEOPLE WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY NEED HELP, WHO'D NEVER DREAM OF GOING TO A PSYCHIATRIST.



AT FIRST WE MADE DRY RUNS. WE WATCHED PEOPLE AT A DISCREET DISTANCE, STUDIED THEIR ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS, WORK, MARRIAGES.

TWO DOZEN CASES. COFFINS NAILED TO A GOOD HALF OF THEM IN THAT LITTLE TIME.



NO MORE DRY RUNS. TIME FOR ACTION, PREVENTIVE USE OF DATA. TIME TO WORK WITH PEOPLE.



AND YOU CAME HERE?



OLD MAID
OLD MAID
OLD MAID
OLD MAID--

SOMEHOW THIS
WAS WORSE THAN
ALL THE REALLY
VILE NAMES.



HER MOUTH STILL
GUSHED OUT HER
SICKNESS WITH
WORDS AND SOUNDS
THAT WERE NOT
EVEN FAINTLY
WORDS

IT HAD BEEN IN
HER A LONG TIME,
A LONG, LONG TIME.

BEFORE TODAY, SHE HAD SPAT
HER VENOM OUT, HERE, THERE,
ANOTHER PLACE. NOW FOXE HAD
LOOSED THE FLOOD OF A LIFETIME.

GET OUT
GET OUT
GET OUT!

GET OUT
GET OUT
GET OUT!





THEY SAT ON THE
BOTTOM HALL STEP
FOR TEN MINUTES
IN SILENCE.

DID YOU SEE WHAT
I DID? OH, OH, THAT
WAS CLOSE. I'M A
FOOL, THAT POOR
WOMAN WAS RIGHT.



THERE'S
NOTHING
TO BE
DONE.

I SEE THAT
NOW. IT HAD
TO FALL ON
ME.



LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!



THAT'S HIM.
THAT'S THE
HUSBAND.

THEY SAT IN THE FURNACE,
LOOKING UP AT ONE SPECIAL
TENEMENT WINDOW FOR A
LONG TIME, WAITING, WAITING...



THE CARNIVAL HAD COME TO TOWN LIKE AN OCTOBER WIND, LIKE A DARK BAT FLYING OVER A COLD LAKE, BONES RATTLING IN THE NIGHT, MOURNING, SIGHING, WHISPERING UP THE TENTS IN THE DARK RAIN. IT STAYED ON FOR A MONTH BY THE GREY, RESTLESS LAKE OF OCTOBER, IN THE BLACK WEATHER AND INCREASING STORMS AND LEADEN SKIES...

THE BLACK FERRIS



DURING THE THIRD WEEK, AT TWILIGHT ON A THURSDAY, TWO SMALL BOYS WALKED ALONG THE LAKE SHORE IN THE COLD WIND...

AW, I DON'T *BELIEVE* YOU, HANK.

COME ON, AND I'LL *SHOW* YOU, PETE.



PETER AND HENRY RAN TO THE LONELY CARNIVAL GROUNDS. THE MIDWAY WAS SILENT, THE GREY TENTS HISSED IN THE WIND LIKE GIANT PREHISTORIC WINGS. AT EIGHT O'CLOCK PERHAPS, GHASTLY LIGHTS WOULD FLASH ON, VOICES WOULD SHOUT, MUSIC WOULD GO OUT OVER THE LAKE. BUT NOW, THERE WAS ONLY A BLIND HUNCHBACK SITTING ON A BLACK BOX ...



THE BLACK FERRIS WHEEL ROSE LIKE AN IMMENSE LIGHT-BULBED CONSTELLATION AGAINST THE CLOUDY SKY, SILENT...



PETE LET HIMSELF BE LED TO THE HIGH GREEN HIDING PLACE OF A TREE. SUDDENLY HANK STIFFENED...

HIST! THERE'S MR. COOGER, THE CARNIVAL MAN, NOW!



MR. COOGER, A MAN OF SOME THIRTY-FIVE YEARS, DRESSED IN SHARP BRIGHT CLOTHES, A LAPEL CARNATION, AND A BROWN DERBY HAT ON HIS HEAD, DRIFTED UNDER THE TREE...



MR. COOGER NODDED AT THE BLIND HUNCHBACK, SPOKE A WORD. THE HUNCHBACK BLINDLY, FUMBLING, LOCKED MR. COOGER INTO A BLACK SEAT AND SENT HIM WHIRLING INTO THE OMINOUS TWILIGHT SKY...

SEE! THE FERRIS WHEEL'S GOING THE WRONG WAY... BACKWARDS INSTEAD OF FORWARDS!



THE BLACK FERRIS WHEEL WHIRLED TWENTY-FIVE TIMES AROUND. THEN THE BLIND HUNCHBACK PUT OUT HIS PALE HANDS AND HALTED THE MACHINERY, THE WHEEL STOPPED, GENTLY SWAYING, AT A CERTAIN BLACK SEAT. A TEN-YEAR OLD BOY STEPPED OUT...

THAT'S WHAT! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE! NOW... SEE!



THE TEN YEAR OLD BOY WALKED OFF ACROSS THE WHISPERING CARNIVAL GROUNDS, INTO THE SHADOWS. PETER SEARCHED THE FERRIS WHEEL WITH HIS EYES FOR MR. COOGER...



HANK DROPPED FROM THE TREE AND WAS SPRINTING BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND...

THE LIGHTS WERE BURNING IN MRS. FOLEY'S WHITE MANSION. PIANO MUSIC TINKLED. WITHIN THE WARM WINDOWS, PEOPLE MOVED. OUTSIDE, IT BEGAN TO RAIN, DESPONDENTLY, IRREVOCABLY, FOREVER AND EVER...

I'M *SO WET* LIKE SOMEONE *SQUIRTED* ME WITH A *HOSE*. HOW MUCH *LONGER* DO WE *WAIT*, HANK?

I KNOW HIS NAME. MY MOTHER *TOLD* ME ABOUT HIM THE OTHER DAY.



THEY HAD FOLLOWED THE TEN YEAR OLD FROM THE FERRIS WHEEL UP THROUGH TOWN, DOWN DARK STREETS TO MRS. FOLEY'S HOUSE. NOW, INSIDE THE WARM DINING ROOM, THE STRANGE LITTLE BOY SAT AT DINNER...

MOM SAID, 'HANK, YOU HEAR ABOUT THE LI'L *ORPHAN BOY* MOVED IN MRS. FOLEY'S? WELL, HIS NAME'S *JOSEPH PIKES* AND HE JUST *CAME* TO MRS. FOLEY'S ABOUT *TWO WEEKS AGO* AND ASKED FOR SOMETHING TO *EAT*, AND HIM AND MRS. FOLEY BEEN GETTIN' ON LIKE HOT APPLE PIE EVER *SINCE*! *THAT'S* WHAT MOM SAID.

I'M *SCARED*, HANK. I'M *COLD* AND *HUNGRY* AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS'S ALL ABOUT.



GOSH, YOU'RE *DUMB*, PETE! DON'T YOU *SEE*? THREE WEEKS AGO THE *CARNIVAL* CAME, AND ABOUT THE *SAME TIME* THIS LITTLE OLE *ORPHAN KID* SHOWS UP AT MRS. FOLEY'S. AND MRS. FOLEY'S OWN SON *DIED* A LONG TIME AGO, AND SHE'S NEVER BEEN THE SAME, SO HERE'S THIS LITTLE OLE ORPHAN WHO *BUTTERS* HER ALL AROUND...

OH!



THEY MARCHED UP TO THE FRONT DOOR AND BANGED THE HUGE KNOCKER. AFTER AWHILE THE DOOR OPENED...

YOU'RE *ALL WET*! COME IN! MY LAND! WHAT DO YOU *WANT*? YOU'RE *HENRY WALTERSON*, AREN'T YOU?

UH-HUH! CAN WE *SEE* YOU... *ALONE*, MA'AM?



HANK GLANCED FEARFULLY AT THE DINING ROOM WHERE THE STRANGE LITTLE BOY LOOKED UP FROM HIS EATING. HANK CREPT OVER AND SHUT THE HALL DOOR AND WHISPERED...

WE GOT TO *WARN* YOU. IT'S ABOUT THAT *BOY* COME TO LIVE WITH YOU... *THAT ORPHAN!*

WELL?



THE HALL GREW SUDDENLY COLD. MRS. FOLEY DREW HERSELF HIGH AND STIFF...

HE'S FROM THE *CARNIVAL* AND HE *AIN'T* NO BOY, HE'S A *MAN*, AND HE'S PLANNING ON *LIVING* HERE WITH YOU UNTIL HE FINDS WHERE YOUR *MONEY* IS AND THEN RUN *OFF* WITH IT SOME NIGHT, AND PEOPLE WILL *LOOK* FOR HIM BUT BECAUSE THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR A *TEN YEAR OLD*, MR. COOGER WILL *GET AWAY*...

WHAT *ARE* YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?



THE *CARNIVAL*...AND THE *FERRIS WHEEL* GOING BACKWARD MAKING MR. COOGER *YOUNGER*, I DON'T KNOW HOW, AND HIM *COMING* HERE AS A *BOY*, AND YOU CAN'T *TRUST* HIM, BECAUSE WHEN HE *HAS* YOUR MONEY HE'LL GET *BACK* ON THE *FERRIS WHEEL* AND IT'LL GO *FORWARD* AND...

GET *OUT*, HENRY WALTERSON! *GET OUT* AND DON'T *EVER* COME BACK!



THE DOOR SLAMMED. PETER AND HANK FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE RAIN ONCE MORE. IT SOAKED INTO THEM, GOLD AND COMPLETE...

SMART GUY! NOW HE... HE YOU FIXED IT. SUPPOSE HE HEARD US, SUPPOSE HE COMES AND KILLS US IN OUR BEDS TONIGHT, TO SHUT US UP FOR KEEPS!



PETER SEIZED HANK'S ARM AND POINTED...

WOULDN'T HE? LOOK!



IN THE BIG BAY WINDOW OF THE DINING ROOM NOW THE MESH CURTAIN PULLED ASIDE. STANDING THERE IN THE PINK LIGHT, HIS HAND MADE INTO A MENACING FIST, WAS THE ORPHAN BOY. HIS FACE WAS HORRIBLE TO SEE, THE TEETH BARED, THE EYES HATEFUL...



DURING SUPPER, FATHER LOOKED AT HANK AND SAID...

IF YOU DON'T CATCH PNEUMONIA, I'LL BE SURPRISED. SOAKED, YOU WERE, BY GOD! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THE CARNIVAL?

DO YOU KNOW MR. COOGER, THE CARNIVAL MAN, DAD?



THE ONE WITH THE PINK CARNATION IN HIS LAPEL? SURE. HE STAYS DOWN AT MRS. O'LEARY'S BOARDING HOUSE. GOT A ROOM IN THE BACK. WHY?

NOTHING. JUST WAS WONDERING IF YOU KNEW HIM.



AFTER SUPPER, HANK PUT IN A CALL TO PETER. AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE, PETER SOUNDED MISERABLE WITH COUGHING...

LISTEN, PETE! I SEE IT ALL NOW. WHEN THAT LI'L OLE ORPHAN BOY, JOSEPH PIKES, GETS MRS. FOLEY'S MONEY, HE'S GOT A GOOD PLAN.

WHAT?



HE'LL STICK AROUND TOWN AS THE CARNIVAL MAN, LIVING IN A ROOM AT MRS. O'LEARY'S. THAT WAY, NOBODY'LL GET SUSPICIOUS OF HIM. EVERYBODY'LL BE LOOKING FOR THAT NASTY LITTLE BOY AND HE'LL BE GONE. AND MR. COOGER WILL BE WALKING AROUND, AND NOBODY'LL SUSPECT THE CARNIVAL AT ALL. IT WOULD LOOK FUNNY IF THE CARNIVAL SUDDENLY PULLED UP STAKES. SO WE GOT TO ACT FAST.

NOBODY WILL BELIEVE US, HANK. I TRIED TO TELL MY FOLKS, BUT THEY SAID HOG-WASH!



WE GOT TO ACT *TONIGHT!* BECAUSE IF WE *DON'T*, HE'LL *KILL* US! WE'RE THE *ONLY ONES* WHO *KNOW*! I BET HE JUST *TRIES* SOMETHING *TONIGHT*. SO, I TELL YOU, MEET ME AT MRS. FOLEY'S *AW!* IN *HALF AN HOUR*.



YOU WANNA *DIE*?

N-NO!



WELL THEN, *MEET* ME THERE AND I BET WE SEE THAT ORPHAN BOY SNEAKING OUT WITH THE MONEY, TONIGHT, AND RUNNING BACK DOWN TO THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS WITH IT, WHEN MRS. FOLEY'S ASLEEP. I'LL *SEE* YOU THERE. SO LONG, PETE!



HANK HUNG UP. HIS FATHER STOOD BEHIND HIM...

YOU'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE*, YOUNG MAN. YOU'RE GOING *STRAIGHT TO BED*. *G'MON!* UPSTAIRS!

BUT, *POP!* *AW.. GEE...*



HANK WAS MARCHED UPSTAIRS. HANK UNDRESSED. HIS FATHER TOOK HIS CLOTHES AND LOCKED HIM IN HIS ROOM. THE REST OF HANK'S WARDROBE HUNG OUTSIDE THE LOCKED BEDROOM DOOR IN THE HALL CLOSET...

NOW, GO TO BED!

HOLY COW!



PETER STOOD OUTSIDE MRS. FOLEY'S HOUSE, LOST IN A VAST RAINCOAT AND MARINERS CAP, SNIFFLING. FINALLY THERE WAS A RUSTLING IN THE WET BUSHES.

PSST! PETE! HEY! LEND ME YOUR *PANTS!* DAD WOULDN'T LET ME *OUT!*

GOSH, HANK! YOU'RE... YOU'RE *NAKED!*



G'MON! YOU'VE GOT THAT *RAINCOAT* ON. NOBODY'LL *KNOW* SO LEND ME YOUR *PANTS*, BEFORE I GET *PNEUMONIA!*

WELL... ALL RIGHT!



THE RELUCTANT TRANSACTION WAS MADE. HANK PULLED THE PANTS ON. THEY WAITED...

THE RAIN LET UP...IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, A SMALL FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE HOUSE, BEARING A LARGE PAPER SACK FILLED WITH SOME ENORMOUS LOOT OR OTHER...



THEY GAVE CHASE THROUGH THE CHESTNUT TREES, UP THE HILL, THROUGH THE NIGHT STREETS OF TOWN, DOWN PAST THE RAILROAD YARDS... **HURRY, PETE.** WE CAN'T LET HIM GET TO THAT FERRIS WHEEL. IF HE CHANGES BACK, WE'LL NEVER PROVE ANYTHING...



THE ORPHAN BOY WAS SWIFT. PETER WAS LEFT BEHIND AS HANK THUDDED ON ALONE AFTER THE DARTING ORPHAN BOY, NOW VANISHING INTO THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS...



HANK STOPPED AT THE EDGE OF THE CARNIVAL LOT THE FERRIS WHEEL WAS GOING UP AND UP INTO THE SKY, AND THERE SAT JOSEPH PIKES, LAUGHING UP AND AROUND, AND THE BLIND HUNCHBACK HAD HIS HAND ON THE ROARING OILY MACHINE. AND EACH TIME THAT JOSEPH PIKES RODE INTO THE SKY AND CAME DOWN AND WENT AROUND, HE WAS A YEAR OLDER, HIS LAUGH DEEPENING, HIS FACE CHANGING...



HANK RAN FORWARD AT THE BLIND HUNCHBACK BY THE MACHINE. ON THE WAY, HE PICKED UP A TENT SPIKE...



THE HUNCHBACK TRIED TO REACH THE BRAKE TO STOP THE FERRIS WHEEL. HANK RAN IN AND SLAMMED THE SPIKE AGAINST HIS FINGERS, MASHING THEM...



THE FERRIS WHEEL WENT AROUND AND AROUND AND AROUND. JOSEPH PIKES—MR. COOGER, FLUNG UP IN A STORMY COLD SKY IN THE BUBBLED CONSTELLATION OF WHIRL AND RUSH AND WIND, SCREAMED. THE HUNCHBACK WITH HANK ON HIS CHEST...THRASHING, BITING, KICKING... GROANED...



MR. COOGER, A MAN, A DIFFERENT MAN AND VOICE THIS TIME, GRIED OUT, COMING AROUND IN PANIC, GOING UP INTO THE ROARING HISSING SKY OF THE FERRIS WHEEL. THE WIND BLEW THROUGH THE HIGH DARK WHEEL SPOKES...

STOP! OH, PLEASE STOP THE WHEEL!



HANK LEAPED FROM THE SPRAWLING HUNCHBACK. HE STARTED IN ON THE BRAKE MECHANISM, HITTING IT, JAMMING IT, PUTTING CHUNKS OF METAL IN IT...

STOP, STOP, STOP THE WHEEL! STOP...



THE VOICE FADED. NOW THE CARNIVAL WAS ABLAZE WITH SUDDEN LIGHT. MEN SPRANG FROM TENTS, CAME RUNNING. HANK FELT HIMSELF JERKED INTO THE AIR WITH OATHS AND BEATINGS RAINED ON HIM. A POLICEMAN APPEARED, PISTOL DRAWN...

STOP! STOP THE WHEEL!



THE VOICE REPEATED AND REPEATED, SIGHING AWAY IN THE WIND. THE DARK CARNIVAL MEN TRIED TO APPLY THE BRAKE. NOTHING HAPPENED. THE MACHINERY HUMMED AND TURNED THE WHEEL AROUND AND AROUND. THE MECHANISM WAS JAMMED. THE VOICE GRIED ONE LAST TIME.

STOP!



THEN... SILENCE...

WITHOUT A WORD THE FERRIS WHEEL FLEW IN A CIRCLE, A HIGH SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC STARS AND METAL AND SEATS. THERE WAS NO SOUND NOW BUT THE SOUND OF THE MOTOR WHICH DIED AND STOPPED. THE FERRIS WHEEL COASTED A MINUTE, THEN CAME TO REST, ALL THE PEOPLE GAZING UP AT IT...

LOOK!



THE POLICEMAN TURNED AND THE CARNIVAL PEOPLE TURNED AND THEY ALL LOOKED AT THE OCCUPANT IN THE BLACK PAINTED SEAT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIDE. A SKELETON SAT THERE, A PAPER BAG OF MONEY IN ITS HANDS, A BROWN DERBY HAT ON ITS HEAD...

GOOD LORD!

CHOKER...



THE **RAY**
BRADBURY
CHRONICLES

DINOSAURS

I

A Sound of Thunder

II

Tyrannosaurus Rex

III

AN E.C. CLASSIC

A Sound of Thunder

A BYRON PREISS VISUAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. BOOK

INTRODUCTION

HAVE YOU EVER MET ANYONE WHO DOESN'T LIKE DINOSAURS? I HAVE NOT. OVER THE YEARS I HAVE FOUND THAT ALL SIZES AND SHAPES OF HUMAN BEINGS, MALE AND FEMALE, WOULDN'T MIND JOGGING AROUND A PREHISTORIC TRACK WITH A TYRANNOSAURUS REX (AS LONG AS THEY COULD KEEP A MILE AHEAD OF HIM), OR HANG-GLIDE FROM A PTERODACTYL, KITING DOWN FROM A CALIFORNIA SEA-CLIFF, OR SHARE BREAKFAST MUNCHING SEAWEEED ON A DINOSAUR FARM IN *TRULY* OLD WYOMING. WHEN I GREW UP, THE AGE OF THE NEW DINOSAURS WAS JUST BEGINNING. NOW WE ARE INUNDATED WITH THE GREAT BEASTS—THE BOOK YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS BEING JUST ONE MORE HAPPY EXAMPLE.

THE MUSIC FOR "A SOUND OF THUNDER" MIGHT WELL BE: "YOU PUT YOUR RIGHT FOOT *THERE* . . ." AND CAREFULLY—OR RISK CHANGING HISTORY.

"TYRANNOSAURUS REX" IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. IT'S THE STORY OF MY OLD HIGH SCHOOL FRIEND RAY HARRYHAUSEN, WHO BUILT AND ANIMATED DINOSAURS IN HIS GARAGE WHEN WE MET, BOTH OF US 18 AND BURSTING WITH LOVE FOR KING KONG AND HIS PALS.

IN ANY EVENT, ALL KINDS OF SUPERB BEASTS AWAIT YOU IN THESE PAGES. ENJOY!

Ray Bradley



WILLIAM STOUT is an internationally acclaimed artist who first won acclaim for his underground record covers and comics. His illustrations of dinosaurs have been featured in Donald Glut's *Dinosaur Dictionary*, *The Dinosaur Scrapbook*, and his own book, *The Dinosaurs*, which was edited by Byron Preiss. His work has been commissioned by such well-known directors as George Lucas and John Milius, for whom he has produced poster and production designs respectively.

RICHARD CORBEN was born and bred in the Midwest. His early career was as an animator for an industrial-film company. He first did comics for fanzines, the early undergrounds, and finally *Heavy Metal*. In between commissions he now publishes his own series of comics and graphic novels featuring his fantasy character, Den.

ANTONI GARCES was born in Barcelona and began his career in graphic design at the age of eighteen. He entered the comic book industry in 1981 with his work for the fanzine *Zero* and illustrates comics, book covers, posters, and album covers.

AL WILLIAMSON's first professional job was at the tender age of seventeen, assisting Burne Hogarth on the Sunday "Tarzan" newspaper page. He moved on to comic books, working for a variety of publishers, including EC, where he would often team up with friends like Frazetta and Roy Krenkel. Williamson's style shone most brightly when he worked on science-fiction stories, his romantic flair coming through even when illustrating ugly aliens.

KENNETH SMITH is a freelance writer and illustrator based in Dallas and a regular contributor to *Heavy Metal* and *The Comics Journal*. His fantasy art was recently published by Fantagraphics in the books *Succubus* and *Phantasmagoria 1*, a continuation of the five acclaimed volumes of *Phantasmagoria* published in the seventies.

A Sound of Thunder

Adapted by Richard Corben

Lettered by George Roberts

Tyrannosaurus Rex

Adapted by Garces

Lettered by Willie Schubert

A Sound of Thunder

E.C. Classic Version

Adapted by Al Williamson

Newly colored by Kenneth Smith

Special thanks to Dan Congdon,

Dan Martin at Sprintout,

and Uncle Ray.

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Editor: Howard Zimmerman

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and Jessica Stienberg

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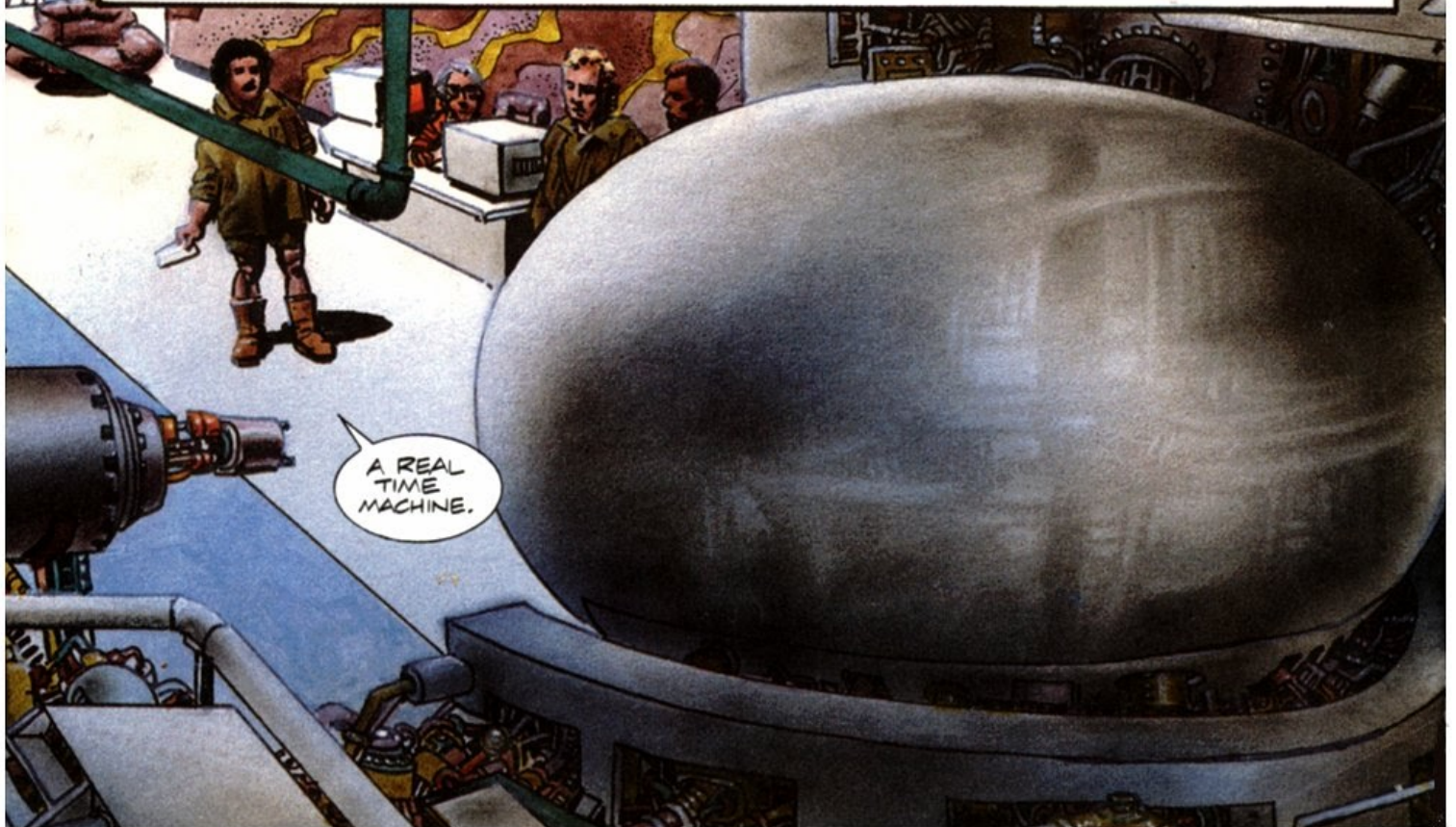
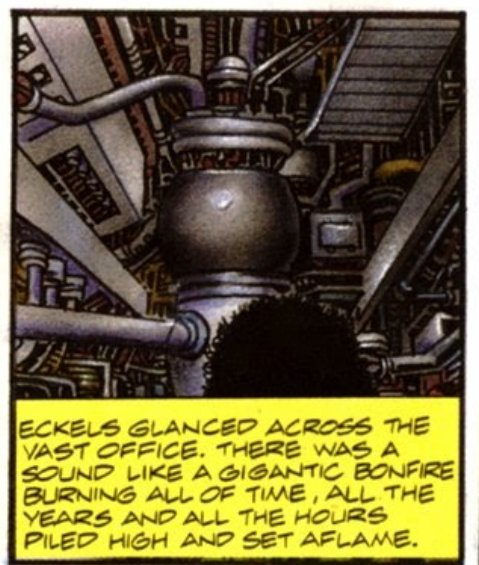
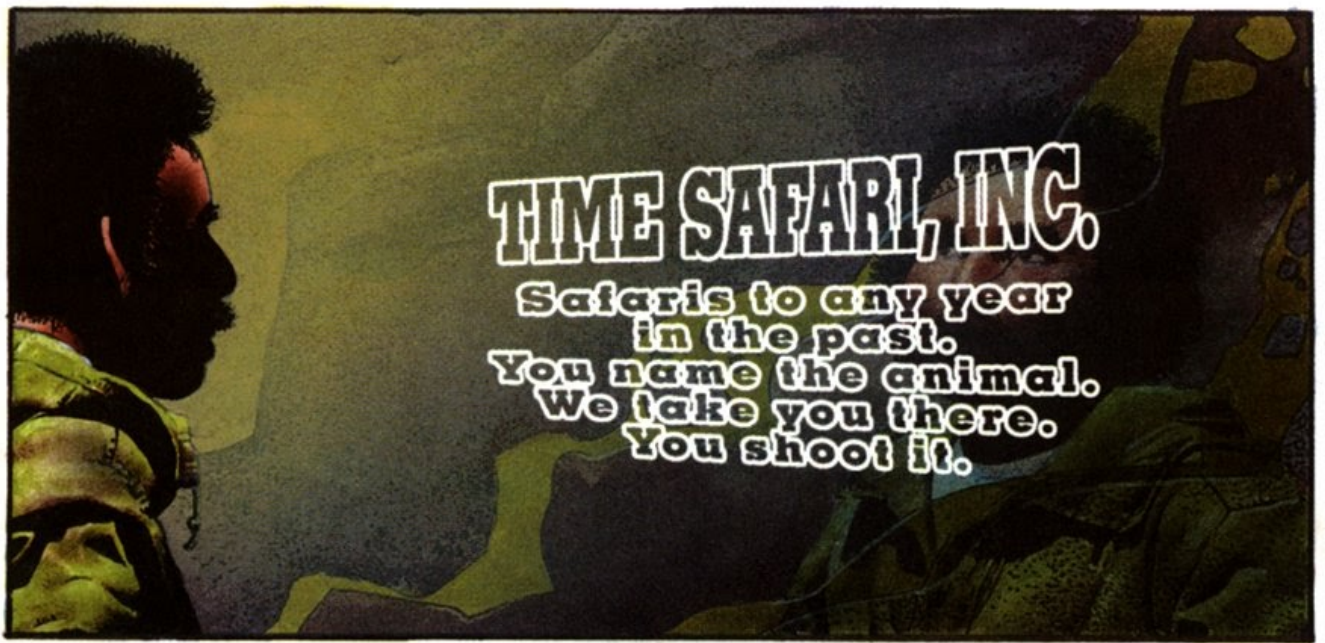
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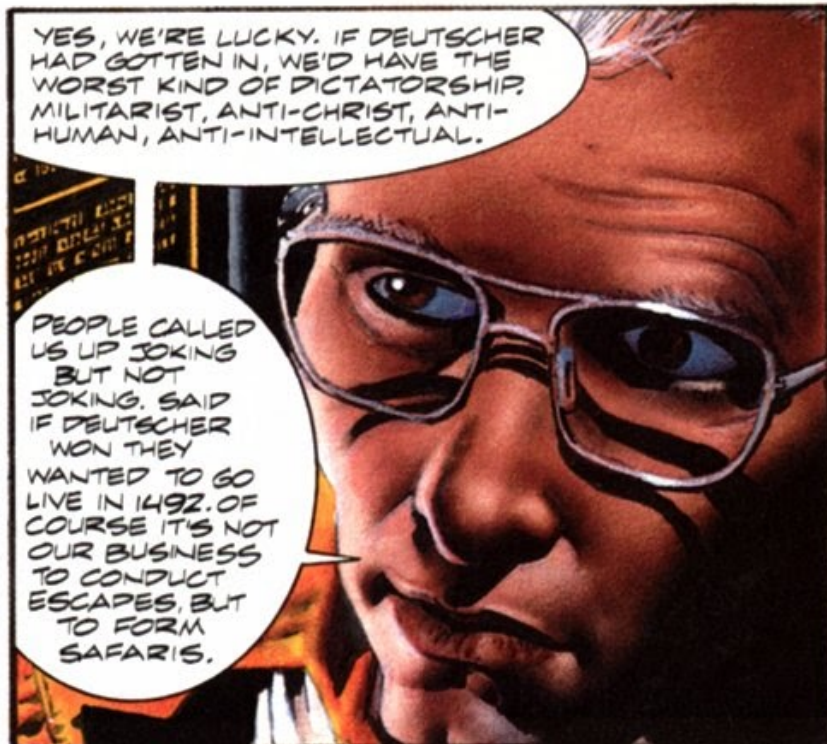
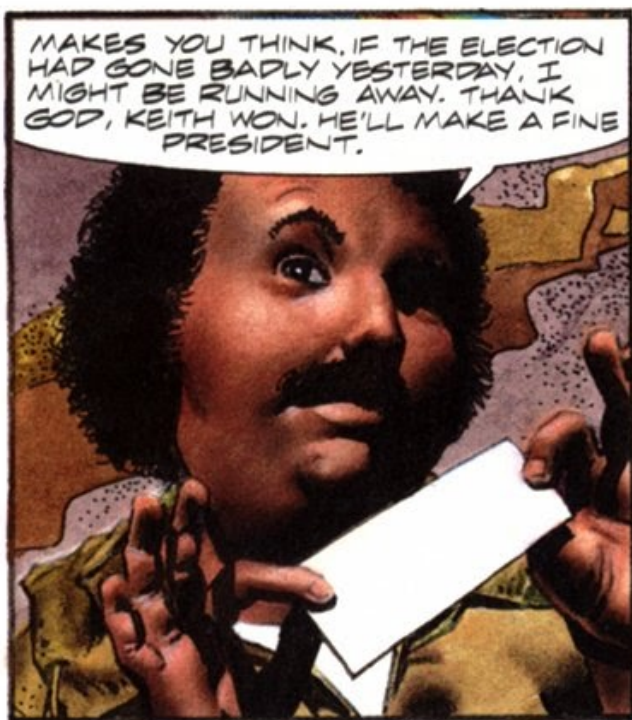
A SOUND OF THUNDER



TIME SAFARI INC.
SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR

THE SIGN SEEMED TO
QUAVER. ECKELS FELT
HIS EYELIDS BLINK OVER
HIS STARE, AND THE SIGN
BURNED IN THIS
MOMENTARY DARKNESS.





FIRST A DAY AND THEN A NIGHT AND THEN A DAY AND THEN A NIGHT, THEN IT WAS DAY-NIGHT-DAY-NIGHT-DAY. A WEEK, A MONTH, A YEAR, A DECADE. A.D. 2055. A.D. 2019. 1919! 1900! GONE! THE MACHINE ROARED.



THIS IS
LESERANCE,
MY ASSISTANT.



THIS IS
BILLINGS
AND
KRAMER.



CAN THESE
GUNS GET A
DINOSAUR
COLD?



IF YOU HIT
THEM RIGHT.



PUT YOUR
FIRST TWO
SHOTS INTO
THE EYES.



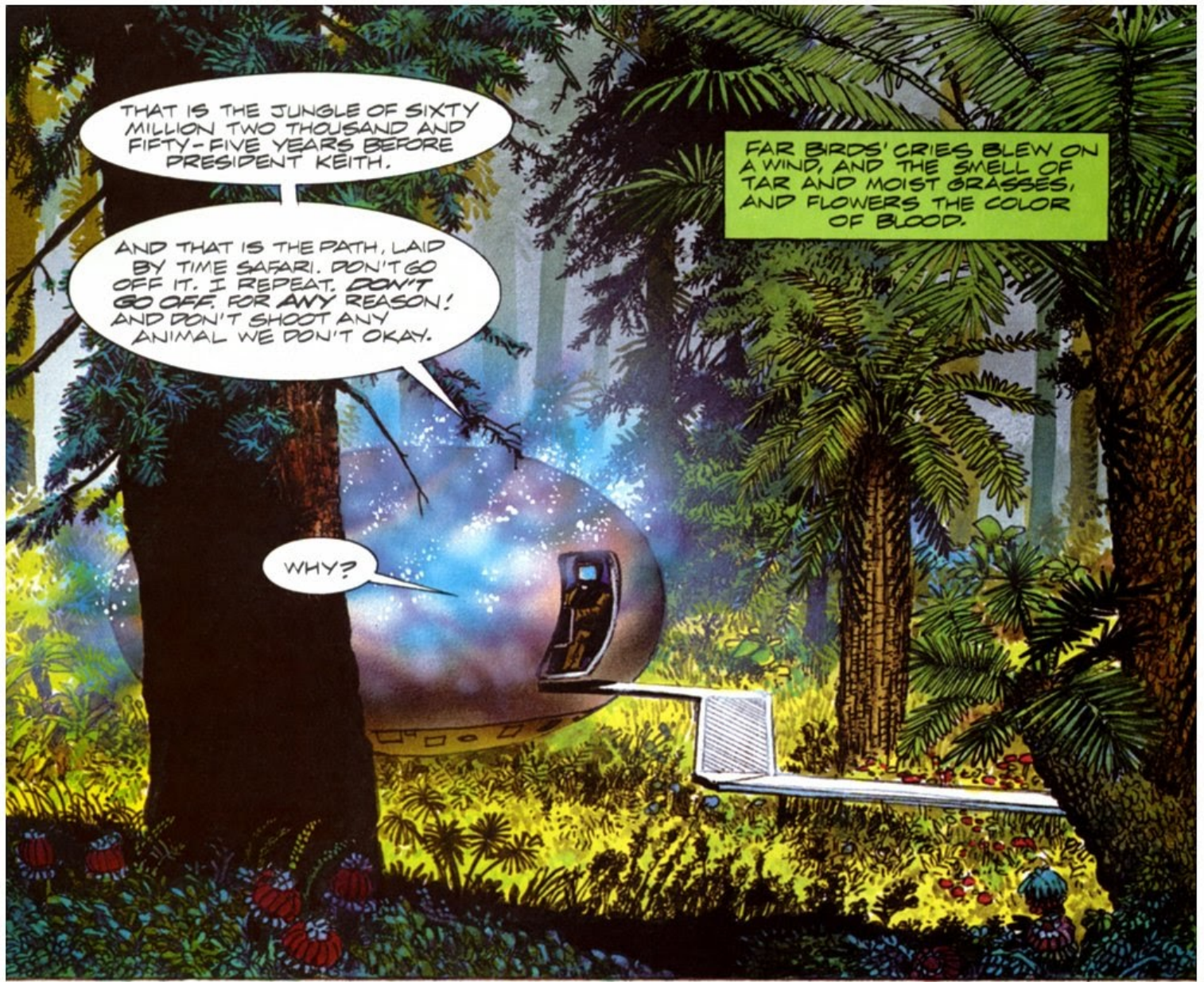
THEN GO
BACK INTO
THE BRAIN.



CHRIST ISN'T
BORN YET.

THE PYRAMIDS
ARE STILL IN
THE EARTH.
REMEMBER
THAT.

THE MACHINE SLOWED; ITS
SCREAM FELL TO A MURMUR.
THE MACHINE STOPPED.



THAT IS THE JUNGLE OF SIXTY MILLION TWO THOUSAND AND FIFTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE PRESIDENT KEITH.

AND THAT IS THE PATH, LAID BY TIME SAFARI. DON'T GO OFF IT. I REPEAT, DON'T GO OFF, FOR ANY REASON! AND DON'T SHOOT ANY ANIMAL WE DON'T OKAY.

WHY?

FAR BIRDS' CRIES BLEW ON A WIND, AND THE SMELL OF TAR AND MOIST GRASSES, AND FLOWERS THE COLOR OF BLOOD.

NOT KNOWING IT, WE MIGHT KILL AN IMPORTANT ANIMAL, A SMALL BIRD, A ROACH, A FLOWER EVEN, THUS DESTROYING AN IMPORTANT LINK IN A GROWING SPECIES.

THAT'S NOT CLEAR.

ALL RIGHT, SAY WE ACCIDENTALLY KILL ONE MOUSE HERE. THAT MEANS ALL THE FUTURE FAMILIES OF THIS MOUSE ARE ELIMINATED, RIGHT?

RIGHT.

AND ALL THE FUTURE GENERATIONS OF THAT ONE MOUSE! A BILLION POSSIBLE MICE CANCELLED WITH A STAMP OF YOUR FOOT.

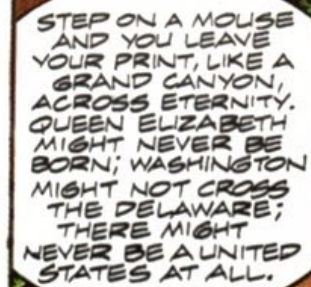
SO WHAT?

SO WHAT?!

FOR WANT OF TEN MICE, A FOX DIES. FOR WANT OF TEN FOXES, A LION STARVES. FOR WANT OF A LION, ALL MANNER OF INSECTS, VULTURES, INFINITE BILLIONS OF LIFE FORMS ARE THROWN INTO CHAOS.

MILLIONS OF YEARS LATER, A CAVEMAN STARVES BECAUSE OF YOUR MISSTEP AND HE'S NOT JUST ANY CAVEMAN. FROM HIS LOINS WOULD HAVE SPRUNG TEN SONS. FROM THEM, ONE HUNDRED SONS AND THUS ONWARD TO A CIVILIZATION.

WITH ONE CAVEMAN'S DEATH, A BILLION OTHERS ARE THROTTLED BEFORE THE WOMB. PERHAPS ROME NEVER RISES. PERHAPS EUROPE IS FOREVER A DARK FOREST.



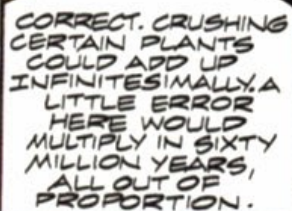
STEP ON A MOUSE
AND YOU LEAVE
YOUR PRINT, LIKE A
GRAND CANYON,
ACROSS ETERNITY.
QUEEN ELIZABETH
MIGHT NEVER BE
BORN; WASHINGTON
MIGHT NOT CROSS
THE DELAWARE;
THERE MIGHT
NEVER BE A UNITED
STATES AT ALL.



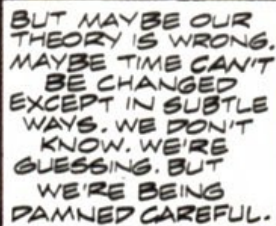
SO BE CAREFUL.
STAY ON THE PATH.
NEVER STEP OFF!



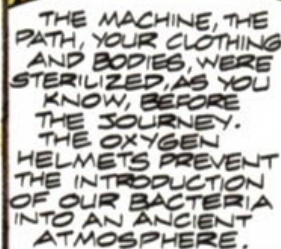
WE SHOULDN'T
EVEN TOUCH
THE GRASS?



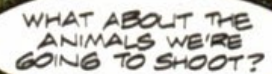
CORRECT. CRUSHING
CERTAIN PLANTS
COULD ADD UP
INFINITESIMALLY. A
LITTLE ERROR
HERE WOULD
MULTIPLY IN SIXTY
MILLION YEARS,
ALL OUT OF
PROPORTION.



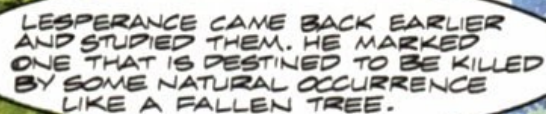
BUT MAYBE OUR
THEORY IS WRONG.
MAYBE TIME CAN'T
BE CHANGED
EXCEPT IN SUBTLE
WAYS. WE DON'T
KNOW. WE'RE
GUESSING. BUT
WE'RE BEING
DAMNED CAREFUL.



THE MACHINE, THE
PATH, YOUR CLOTHING
AND BODIES, WERE
STERILIZED, AS YOU
KNOW, BEFORE
THE JOURNEY.
THE OXYGEN
HELMETS PREVENT
THE INTRODUCTION
OF OUR BACTERIA
INTO AN ANCIENT
ATMOSPHERE.



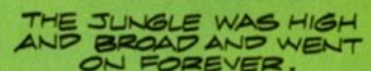
WHAT ABOUT THE
ANIMALS WE'RE
GOING TO SHOOT?



LESERANCE CAME BACK EARLIER
AND STUDIED THEM. HE MARKED
ONE THAT IS DESTINED TO BE KILLED
BY SOME NATURAL OCCURRENCE
LIKE A FALLEN TREE.



WE ARE VERY
CAREFUL.



THE JUNGLE WAS HIGH
AND BROAD AND WENT
ON FOREVER.



SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC AND FLYING TENTS FILLED THE SKY. PTERODACTYLS SOARING WITH CAVERNOUS COPPER WINGS, GIGANTIC BATS OUT OF A DELIRIUM.



HA, HA! GOTCHA!

HEY! STOP THAT!

DON'T EVEN AIM YOUR GUN IN FUN! DAMN IT!

HMPH! WHERE'S THE FAMOUS TYRANNOSAURUS?

UP AHEAD. DON'T SHOOT TILL WE GIVE THE WORD. STAY ON THE PATH!

STRANGE, IN SIXTY MILLION YEARS, KEITH WON THE ELECTION. EVERYONE CELEBRATING. AND HERE WE ARE, A MILLION YEARS LOST AND THEY DON'T EXIST.



SAFETY CATCHES OFF! YOU, FIRST SHOT, ECKELS. SECOND, BILLINGS. THIRD, KRAMER.

THE JUNGLE WAS WIDE
AND FULL OF
TWITTERINGS, RUSTLINGS,
MURMURS, AND SIGHS.

SUDDENLY, SILENCE.

A SOUND OF
THUNDER.



JESUS
GOD.

SHH!

MY GOD! IT
COULD REACH
UP AND GRAB
THE MOON.

SHH! HE
HASN'T
SEEN US
YET.

IT CAN'T
BE KILLED.

SHUT
UP!

NIGHTMARE.

TURN AROUND.
WALK QUIETLY
TO THE
MACHINE. WE'LL
REFUND HALF
YOUR FEE.

IT
SEES
US!

IT'S TOO
BIG!

I WANT
OUT.

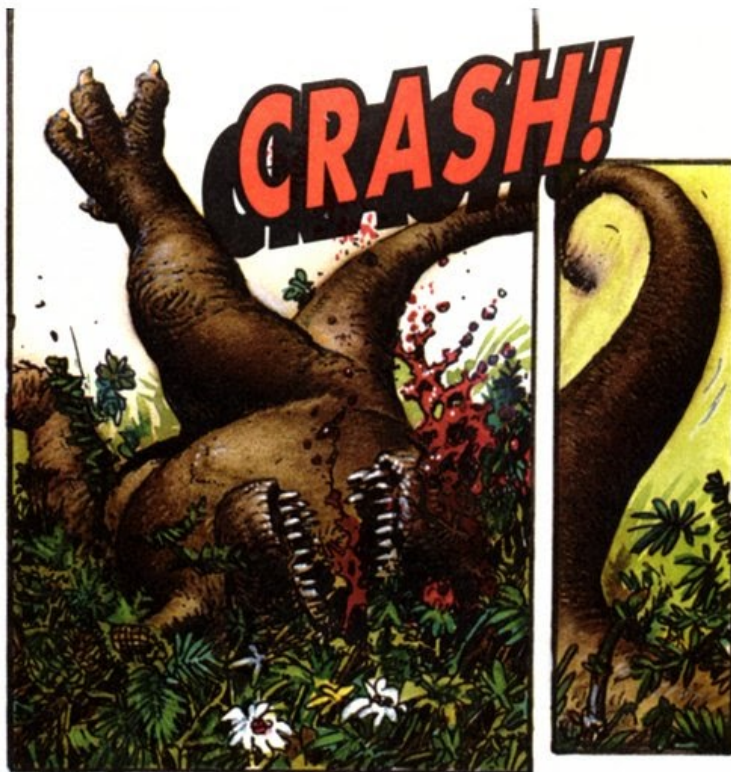
GET ME
OUT OF
HERE.
IT'S NOT
SUPPOSED
TO BE
LIKE
THIS!

IT
EXHALED.
THE STINK
OF RAW
FLESH
BLEW
DOWN
THE
WILDER-
NESS.



CRASH





THE THUNDER
FAPED. THE
JUNGLE WAS
SILENT. AFTER
THE AVALANCHE,
A GREEN PEACE.
AFTER THE
NIGHTMARE,
MORNING.

WITHIN THE MONSTER, SIGHS
AND MURMURS DIED AWAY AS
ORGANS SHUT OFF, CLOSING
UP FOREVER. BONES CRACKED;
THE TONNAGE OF ITS OWN
FLESH SNAPPED THE DELICATE
FOREARMS. THE MEAT SETTLED,
QUIVERING.



A GIANT TREE
BROKE FROM
ITS MOORING.



RIGHT ON TIME. IT
WAS SCHEDULED TO
FALL AND KILL THIS
ANIMAL ORIGINALLY.



THEY SANK WEARILY INTO THE MACHINE CUSHIONS AND GAZED BACK AT THE RUINED MONSTER.

A SOUND ON THE FLOOR STIFFENED THEM.



YOU! YOU WENT OFF THE PATH. GOD KNOWS WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO TIME, TO HISTORY.

GET OUT! YOU'RE STAYING HERE!

WAIT, I'LL PAY ANYTHING.



NO! GO OUT THERE! CLIMB INTO THE DINOSAUR'S MOUTH!

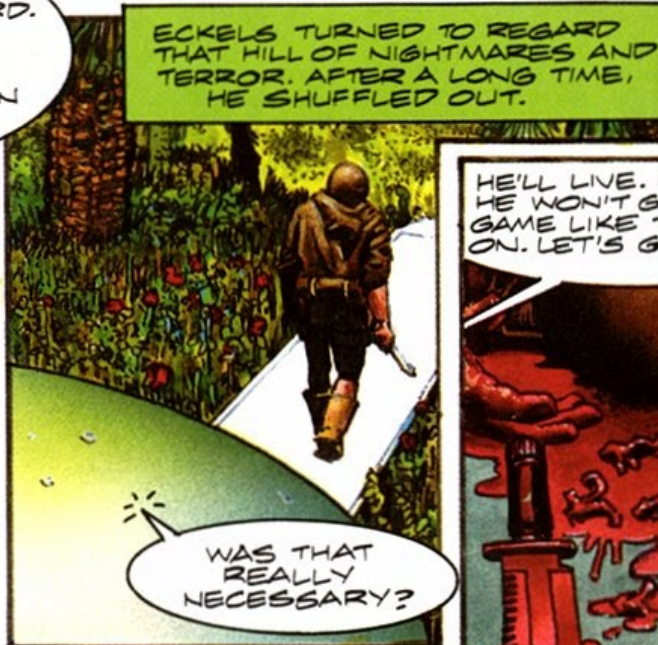
THEN YOU CAN COME WITH US.



WHAT?

IT'S DEAD, YOU YELLOW BASTARD. THE BULLETS CAN'T BE LEFT BEHIND. THEY. DON'T BELONG IN THE PAST.

DIG THEM OUT.



ECKELS TURNED TO REGARD THAT HILL OF NIGHTMARES AND TERROR. AFTER A LONG TIME, HE SHUFFLED OUT.

WAS THAT REALLY NECESSARY?



HE'LL LIVE. NEXT TIME HE WON'T GO HUNTING GAME LIKE THIS. SWITCH ON. LET'S GO HOME.



1492. 1776. 1812.

1999. 2000. 2055.

DON'T LOOK AT ME. I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING.

REALLY?

JUST FELL OFF THE PATH. A LITTLE MUD ON MY SHOES--WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO--GET DOWN AND PRAY?

I MIGHT KILL YOU YET.



THE MACHINE STOPPED.

EVERYTHING OKAY HERE?

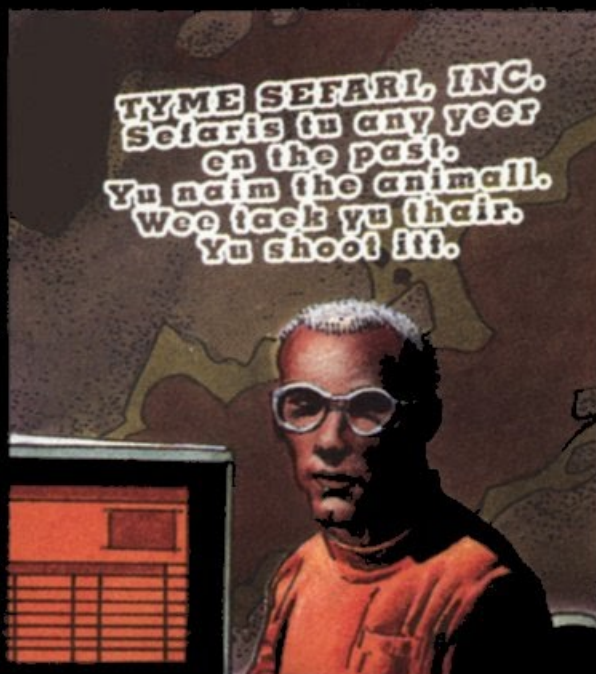
AFFIRMATIVE!



OKAY, ECKELS, GET OUT. DON'T EVER COME BACK.

WHAT'RE YOU STARING AT?

ECKELS SMELLED THE AIR. THERE WAS A CHEMICAL TAINT SO SUBTLE, SO SLIGHT, THAT ONLY A FAINT CRY OF HIS SUBLIMINAL SENSES WARNED HIM.



TYME SEFARI, INC.
Sefaris tu any year
on the past.
Yu naim the animall.
Wee taek yu thair.
Yu shoot itt.

HE FELT THEM ALL STARING AT HIM.

...HIS FEET.



NO, IT CAN'T BE!



NOT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT!



WHO-- WHO WON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION YESTERDAY?

ON THE FLOOR, AN EXQUISITE THING, A SMALL THING THAT COULD UPSET BALANCES AND KNOCK DOWN A LINE OF SMALL DOMINOES AND THEN BIG DOMINOES AND THEN GIGANTIC DOMINOES, ALL DOWN THE YEARS ACROSS TIME.

YOU JOKING? DEUTSCHER, OF COURSE. NOT THAT DAMN WEAKLING KEITH. WE GOT AN IRON MAN NOW BY GOD!



CAN'T WE TAKE IT BACK? CAN'T WE MAKE IT ALIVE AGAIN? CAN'T WE--



HE SHUT HIS EYES TIGHT.

HE HEARD TRAVIS BREATHE LOUD IN THE ROOM.

HE HEARD THE CLICK OF THE RIFLE'S SAFETY CATCH.

BLAM!

THERE WAS A SOUND OF THUNDER.

T-RANOSAURUS REX

JOHN TERWILLIGER WAS A STOP-MOTION ANIMATION WIZARD. WORKING IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN, HE HAND-CRAFTED THE MYSTERIOUS MONSTERS OF THE PAST.

MY LITTLE LOVELIES, THOUGHT TERWILLIGER. ALL LIQUID LATEX, RUBBER SPONGE, BALL-SOCKETED STEEL ARTICULATION; ALL NIGHT-DREAMED, CLAY-MOLDED, WARPED AND WELDED, RIVETED AND SLAPPED TO LIFE BY HAND.



STEP BY STEP, FRAME BY FRAME, HE HAD MOVED EACH A FRACTION OF AN INCH, PHOTOGRAPHED THEM, MOVED THEM ANOTHER HAIR, PHOTOGRAPHED THEM, FOR HOURS AND DAYS AND MONTHS.

ALL THIS WORK HAD LED TO A SCANT 800 FEET OF FILM, WHICH WOULD BE SEEN THE NEXT DAY BY THE PRODUCER OF CUT-RATE THRILLS, PRODUCER JOE CLARENCE-- "CLARENCE THE GREAT."



YOU'RE FIVE MINUTES LATE!
SHOVE YOUR FILM IN THE PROJECTION ROOM DOOR. LET'S MOVE...

TERWILLIGER STUMBLED BACK TO HAND THE FILM TO THE PROJECTIONIST.

TYRANNOSAURUS REX
MINIATURES BY JOHN TERWILLIGER

ROLL IT, PROJECTION!

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE MONSTERS!

I'LL NEVER GET USED TO IT. LOOK! THEY COME ALIVE!

THEY DO BREATHE! THEY DO SMITE AIR WITH THUNDERS. THEY ARE UNCANNY.

THIS IS BEAUTIFUL FOOTAGE, MR. CLARENCE.

I'VE SEEN BETTER.

IT'S INCREDIBLE ANIMATION.

GLAD THAT'S OVER! THROW ON THE NEXT SAMPLE.

THIS IS BEAUTIFUL STUFF. THOSE CREATURES FROM THE PAST ARE LIVING, BREATHING.

THERE WERE SOME BAD SHOTS-- SOME JERKY MOVEMENTS. IS THAT DUMB BUNNY TERWILLIGER STILL HERE?

HERE.

IT'S NOT BAD. BUT DON'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT MONEY.

WE'VE HAD A DOZEN GUYS IN HERE TO SHOW STUFF AS GOOD OR BETTER THAN YOURS. TESTS FOR OUR NEW FILM, PREHISTORIC MONSTER.

IT'S ALMOST LUNCHTIME. THROW ON THE NEXT REEL, WALTER! I'LL GIVE YOU A SHOT, TERWILLIGER--WE'LL PAY YOU ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

ONE THOUSAND?

I KNOW IT'S GENEROUS, BUT I'M IN A GENEROUS MOOD TODAY.

BUT I'LL NEED A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR MY EQUIPMENT ALONE!

LOOK, WE'RE GIVING YOU A BREAK. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

FUSE FLEXIBLE SPINE TO SINUOUS NECK...PIVOT NECK TO SKULL...HINGE JAW FROM HOLLOW CHEEK...SLIP SNAKE-PEBBLED SKIN OVER PLASTIC SPONGE...MELD SEAMS WITH FIRE...TYRANNOSAURUS REX!

MY GOD! AREN'T YOU SET UP YET?

BLAM

CLARENCE LOOKED AROUND WILDLY, AS IF NO ONE WERE THERE.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME I TAKE, I GET PAID THE SAME.



WELL SHAKE A LEG. AND MAKE IT REAL HORRIBLE. AND IT'S TOO MUCH! I CAN'T BELIEVE I WAS SO GENEROUS.



HOW MANY FEET OF BLOOD AND GORE WOULD YOU LIKE?

TWO THOUSAND FEET OF EACH!



LET'S HAVE A LOOK.



CAREFUL!

CAREFUL? IT'S MY MONSTER, AIN'T IT, THE CONTRACT---

--SAYS YOU CAN USE THIS MODEL FOR EXPLOITATION ADVERTISING...



...BUT THE ANIMAL REVERTS TO ME ONCE THE FILM'S IN RELEASE.

TO HELL WITH THE CONTRACT!

WHAT A SLIMY TRICK--IT'S MY MONSTER!



AND THIS CAMERA YOU GAVE ME IS ANCIENT.

SO IF IT BREAKS, FIX IT! YOU'VE GOT HANDS.

BUT THIS MONSTER--



IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN SPECIFIED IN THE DEAL-- IS MY BABY.

I NEVER LET ANYONE OWN THE THINGS I MAKE. I PUT TOO MUCH TIME AND AFFECTION IN THEM.



OKAY, SO WE GIVE YOU FIFTY BUCKS FOR THE BEAST, AND THROW IN THIS CAMERA EQUIPMENT WHEN THE FILM'S DONE. YOU CAN START YOUR OWN COMPANY--GO INTO COMPETITION WITH ME USING MY OWN MACHINES!

ANOTHER THING. I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THIS MONSTER SHAPES UP.



YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT?

HIS EXPRESSION.

HE NEEDS MORE FIRE, MORE... MORE MAZASH!

BUG THE EYES MORE. FLEX THE NOSTRILS.

SHINE THE TEETH. FORK THE TONGUE SHARPER.



UH, THE MONSTER AIN'T MINE, HUH?

MINE.



DAMN THE LAWYERS! WORK!

CLARENCE REJECTED THE FIRST TWO TESTS. TERWILLIGER FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS: MAKE IT MORE HORRIFIC, MORE BLOODCURDLING, DO THIS TO THE TAIL, THIS TO THE CLAWS...

...OKAY, TERWILLIGER! YOU DID IT-- HERE'S A MONSTER THAT I CAN BELIEVE IN!



THAT'S IT! FINALLY.



I'M JUST A LAWYER.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A MONSTER! YOU LIKE MY CREATURE, GLASS?



SURE, SURE. BUT THIS ONE'S SPECIAL! EVEN I GOT TO ADMIT TERWILLIGER'S A GENIUS.

YOU'VE SEEN ONE MONSTER, YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL.

IT'S FABULOUS.



GREAT REX!

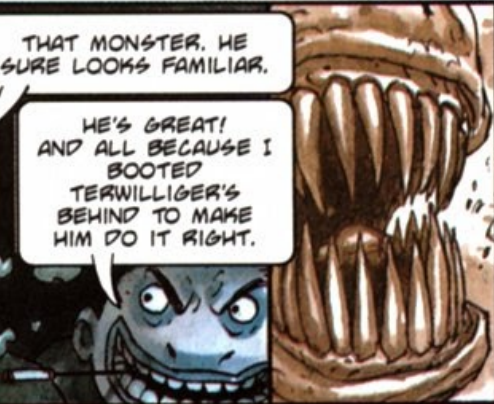


IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH I KNOW HIM...



THAT MONSTER. HE SURE LOOKS FAMILIAR.

HE'S GREAT! AND ALL BECAUSE I BOOTED TERWILLIGER'S BEHIND TO MAKE HIM DO IT RIGHT.



TEN WEEKS LATER, WITH THE FILM HALF FINISHED, CLARENCE SUMMONED THIRTY OF HIS STAFF, TECHNICIANS AND A FEW FRIENDS TO SEE A ROUGH CUT.

I...I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.

UH-OH.



WHAT--?

A GASP RAN THROUGH THE SMALL AUDIENCE. SOMEONE LAUGHED QUIETLY. A SECRETARY GIGGLED.

WHY IT'S...

IT CAN'T BE!



WHAT'S WRONG?

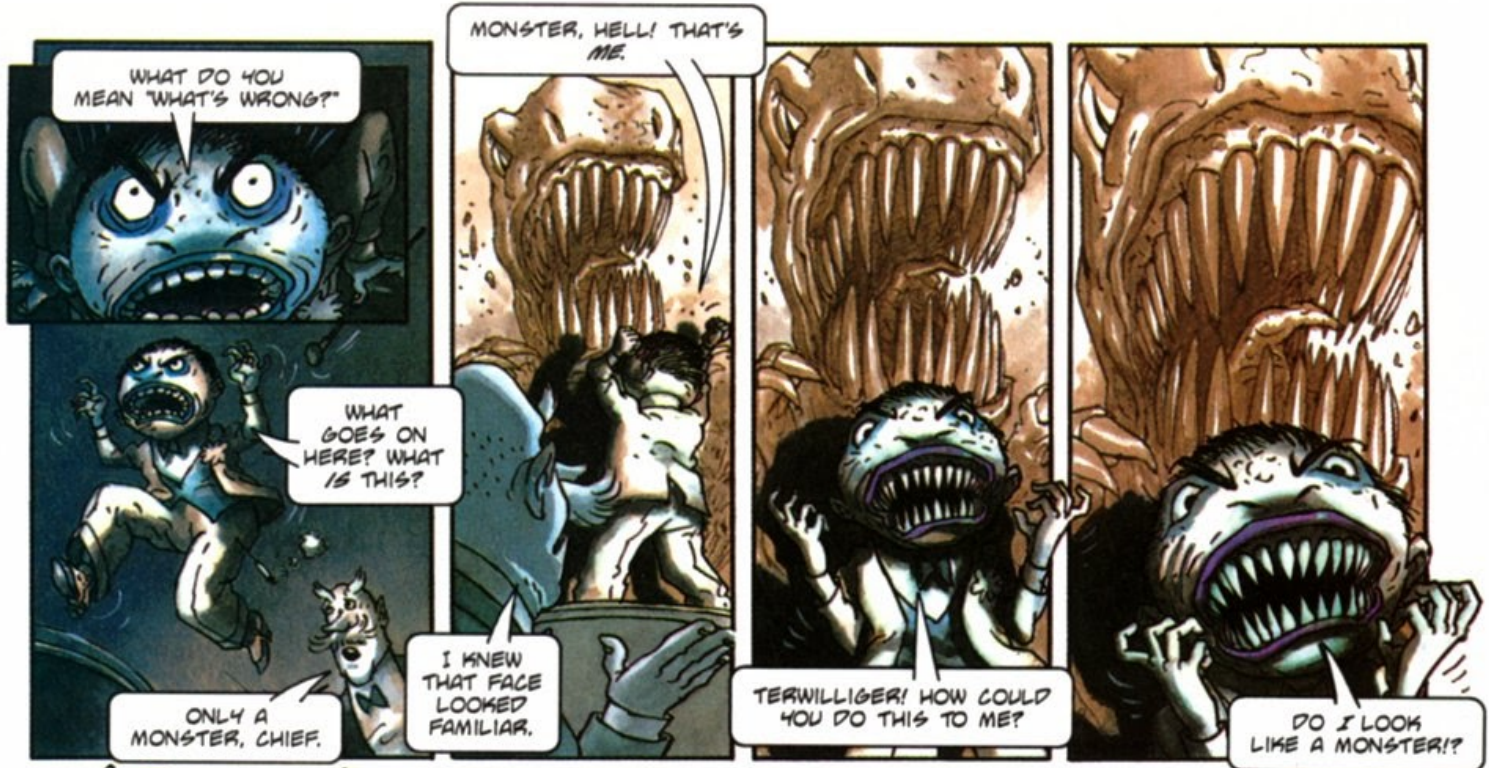


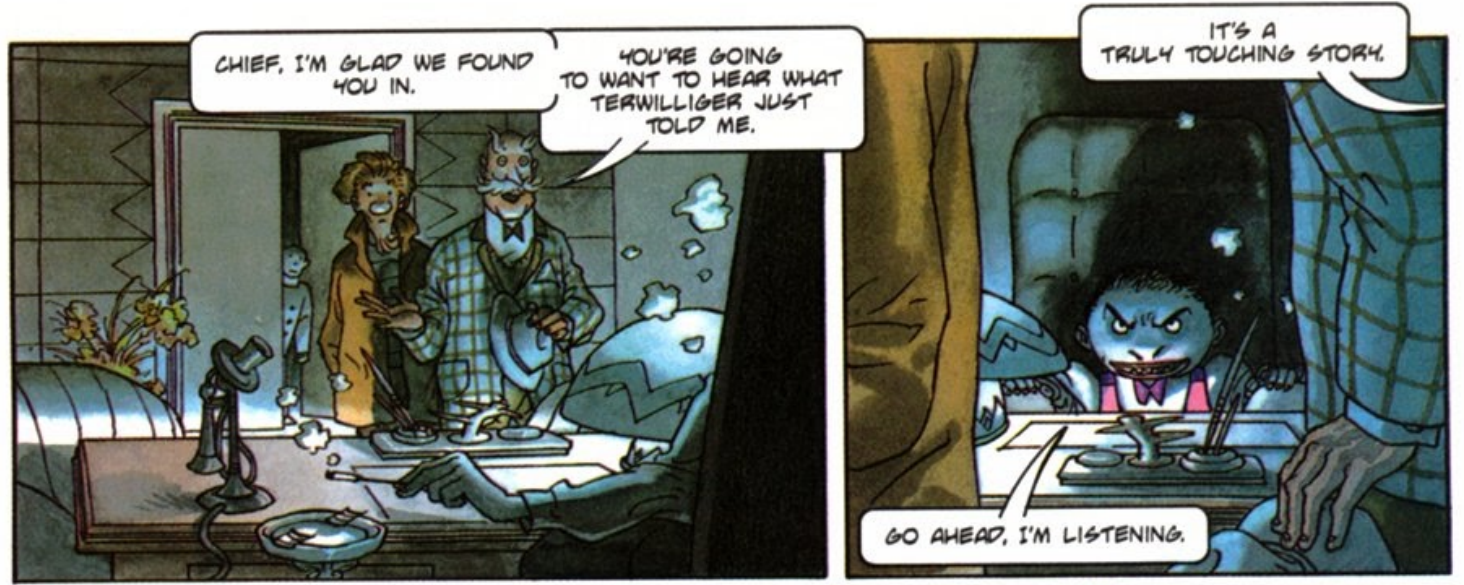
OH, MY!

STOP! FREEZE IT RIGHT THERE!

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5







A SOUND of THUNDER

MR. ECKLES READ THE SIGN ON THE OFFICE WALL, SMILED NERVOUSLY, AND HANDED A CHECK FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE MAN BEHIND THE DESK...

DOES THIS SAFARI GUARANTEE
I COME BACK ALIVE?

WE GUARANTEE *NOTHING*...EXCEPT THE
DINOSAURS. THIS IS MR. TRAVIS, YOUR
SAFARI GUIDE IN THE PAST. HE'LL TELL
YOU *WHAT* AND *WHERE* TO *SHOOT*. IF
HE SAYS *NO SHOOTING*...*NO SHOOTING!*
IF YOU *DON'T* FOLLOW DIRECTIONS, THERE'S
A *STIFF PENALTY*...

TIME SAFARI, INC.
SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR IN THE PAST
YOU NAME THE ANIMAL
WE TAKE YOU THERE
YOU SHOOT IT

ECKLES LOOKED ACROSS THE VAST OFFICE AT AN
ARRANGEMENT OF WIRES, GOLDEN BOXES AND AN AURORA
THAT FLICKERED LIKE A BONFIRE...

WELL, I'LL BE...! A REAL
TIME MACHINE. MAKES
YOU THINK. IF THE
ELECTIONS HAD GONE
BADLY YESTERDAY, I
MIGHT BE HERE NOW *RUN-*
NING AWAY FROM THE
RESULTS. THANK GOD
KEITH WON! HE'LL MAKE
A FINE PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

YES, WE'RE LUCKY! IF
LYMAN HAD GOTTEN IN,
WE'D HAVE THE *WORST*
KIND OF DICTATORSHIP!
PEOPLE CALLED US UR..
YOU KNOW...*JOKING* BUT
NOT JOKING. SAID IF
LYMAN GOT *ELECTED*,
THEY WANTED TO GO LIVE
IN 1492. OF COURSE, IT'S
NOT OUR *BUSINESS* TO
CONDUCT *ESCAPES*, BUT
TO FORM *SAFARIS*.

ANYWAY,
KEITH'S
PRESIDENT
NOW,
SO ALL
I'VE
GOT TO
WORRY
ABOUT IS
SHOOTING
MY *DINO-*
SAUR...

A *TYRANNO-*
SAURUS REX.
THE MOST
VICIOUS
MONSTER IN
HISTORY!
SIGN THIS
RELEASE.
ANYTHING
HAPPENS
TO YOU, WE'RE
NOT RESPON-
SIBLE.

TRYING
TO
SCARE
ME!?

FRANKLY, *YES*.
WE DON'T *WANT*
ANYONE GOING
WHO'LL *PANIC*
AT THE FIRST
SHOT. WE'RE
TAKING YOU
BACK *SIXTY*
MILLION YEARS
TO BAG THE *BIG-*
EST GAME IN ALL
TIME. IT'S THE
GREATEST THRILL
A REAL HUNTER
COULD *ASK FOR*.
CARE TO *TAKE*
BACK YOUR
CHECK?



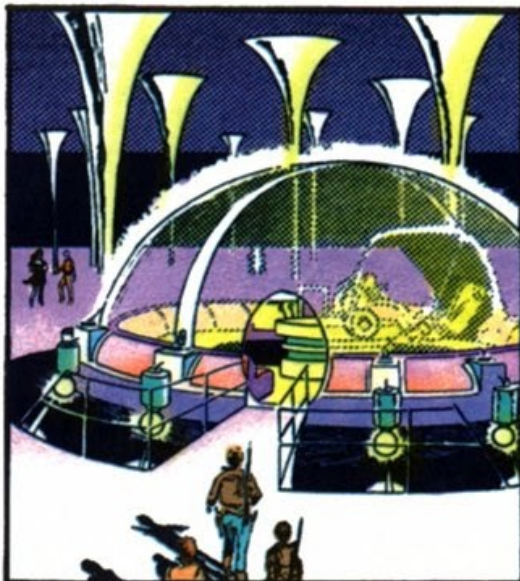
MR. ECKLES LOOKED AT THE CHECK FOR A LONG TIME. HIS FINGERS TWITCHED...

GOOD LUCK! MR. TRAVIS! THEY'RE ALL YOURS!

FOLLOW ME... ALL OF YOU...



THEY MOVED SILENTLY ACROSS THE ROOM, TAKING THEIR GUNS WITH THEM, TOWARD THE MACHINE, TOWARD THE SILVER METAL AND THE ROARING LIGHT...



FIRST A DAY AND THEN A NIGHT AND THEN IT WAS DAY-NIGHT-DAY-NIGHT... A WEEK... A MONTH... A YEAR... A DECADE. 2056 A.D., 2019 A.D., 1999, 1954, GONE! THE MACHINE ROARED...



ECKLES SWAYED ON THE PADDED SEAT, HIS FACE PALE, HIS JAW STIFF. THERE WERE FOUR OTHER MEN IN THE MACHINE: TRAVIS, THE SAFARI LEADER; LESPER, HIS ASSISTANT; AND TWO OTHER HUNTERS, BILLINGS AND KRAMER. THEY SAT LOOKING AT EACH OTHER AND THE YEARS BLAZED AROUND THEM. TIME WAS A FILM RUN BACKWARDS. SUNS FLED AND TEN MILLION MOONS FLED AFTER THEM. THE MACHINE HOWLED...

THE MACHINE SLOWED. ITS SCREAM FELL TO A MURMUR. THE MACHINE STOPPED. THE SUN STOPPED IN THE SKY. THE FOG THAT HAD ENVELOPED THE MACHINE BLEW AWAY, AND THEY WERE IN AN OLD TIME, A VERY OLD TIME INDEED. TRAVIS POINTED...

THAT IS THE JUNGLE OF SIXTY-TWO MILLION TWO THOUSAND AND FIFTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE PRESIDENT KEITH. AND THAT IS THE *PATH*, LAID DOWN BY 'TIME SAFARI' FOR *YOUR USE*. IT'S AN *ANTI-GRAVITY METAL*. IT *FLOATS... SIX INCHES ABOVE THE EARTH*.



GOOD GOD! EVERY HUNTER THAT EVER LIVED WOULD ENVY US TODAY. THIS MAKES AFRICA SEEM LIKE ILLINOIS.



IT DOESN'T *TOUCH* SO MUCH AS *ONE GRASS BLADE*, OR *FLOWER*, OR *TREE*. ITS PURPOSE IS TO KEEP *YOU* FROM TOUCHING THIS WORLD OF THE PAST IN *ANY WAY*. *STAY ON THE PATH! DON'T GO OFF IT! I REPEAT: DON'T GO OFF IT... FOR ANY REASON! AND DON'T SHOOT ANY ANIMAL WE DON'T OKAY!*

THEY SAT IN THE ANCIENT WILDERNESS. FAR BIRDS' CRIES BLEW ON A WIND, AND THE SMELL OF TAR AND AN OLD SALT SEA, MOIST GRASSES AND FLOWERS THE COLOR OF BLOOD...

WE *DON'T* WANT TO *CHANGE* THE *FUTURE*. WE *DON'T BELONG* HERE. A *TIME MACHINE* IS A *FINICKY BUSINESS*. NOT *KNOWING* IT, WE MIGHT KILL AN *IMPORTANT ANIMAL*, A *SMALL BIRD*, A *ROACH*, A *FLOWER*, THUS DESTROYING AN *IMPORTANT LINK* IN A *GROWING SPECIES*.

THAT'S NOT CLEAR!



TRAVIS CONTINUED...

ALL RIGHT, SAY
WE ACCIDENTALLY
KILLED *ONE*
MOUSE HERE.
THAT MEANS ALL
THE *FUTURE*
FAMILIES OF THIS
ONE PARTICULAR
MOUSE WOULD BE
DESTROYED. *RIGHT?*

RIGHT!

AND ALL THE *FAMILIES*
OF THE *FAMILIES* OF THAT
ONE *MOUSE*! WITH A STAMP
OF YOUR FOOT, YOU ANNIHI-
LATE FIRST ONE, THEN A
DOZEN, THEN A THOUSAND,
A MILLION, A *BILLION*
POSSIBLE MICE!



SO
THEY'RE
DEAD!
SO
WHAT?

WHAT ABOUT THE
FOXES THAT'LL
NEED THOSE *MICE*
TO SURVIVE? FOR
WANT OF *TEN*
MICE, A *FOX*
DIES! FOR WANT
OF A *FOX*, ALL
MANNER OF LIFE
FORMS ARE THROWN
INTO CHAOS AND
DESTRUCTION. SIXTY
MILLION YEARS
LATER, A *CAVE*
MAN GOES *HUNT-*
ING.



BUT *YOU*, FRIEND, HAVE
STEPPED ON ALL THE
SABER-TOOTHED
TIGERS IN THAT REGION
BY *STEPPING ON ONE*
SINGLE MOUSE. SO
THE *CAVE MAN* *STARVES*.
DESTROY THIS *ONE MAN*
AND YOU DESTROY HIS
FUTURE SONS AND
THEIR SONS... A *RACE*
... A *PEOPLE*... A *HIS-*
TORY. *ROME* NEVER
RISES. *EUROPE*
REMAINS A *DARK FOR-*
EST. THERE MIGHT
NEVER BE A *UNITED*
STATES! SO BE *CARE-*
FUL. *STAY ON THE*
PATH...



THE JUNGLE WAS HIGH AND THE JUNGLE WAS BROAD AND
THE JUNGLE WAS THE ENTIRE WORLD FOREVER AND
EVER. SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC AND SOUNDS LIKE FLYING
TENTS FILLED THE SKY, AND THOSE WERE PTERODACTYLS
FLYING WITH CAVERNOUS GREY WINGS, GIGANTIC BATS
OUT OF A DELIRIUM AND A NIGHT FEVER. ECKLES AIMED
HIS RIFLE PLAYFULLY...



FORBIDDEN! DON'T
EVEN *AIM FOR FUN!* IF
YOUR GUN SHOULD GO
OFF...

WHERE'S OUR
TYRANNOSAURUS?

LESFER CHECKED HIS WRIST WATCH...

UP AHEAD! WE'LL BISECT HIS
TRAIL IN *SIXTY SECONDS*. DON'T
SHOOT TILL WE GIVE THE WORD. AND,
FOR GOD'S SAKE, STAY ON THE
PATH!



THEY MOVED FORWARD IN THE WIND
OF MORNING. ECKLES MURMURED...

STRANGE. UP AHEAD, SIXTY MILLION
YEARS, ELECTION DAY IS *OVER*.
KEITH MADE *PRESIDENT*.
EVERYONE'S *CELEBRATING*.
AND HERE *WE* ARE, A MILLION
YEARS LOST, AND *THEY DON'T*
EXIST. THE THINGS WE WORRY
ABOUT NOT EVEN *BORN* OR
THOUGHT ABOUT YET...



TRAVIS WHISPERED...

SAFETY CATCHES
OFF, EVERYONE.
YOU FIRST
SHOT, ECKLES.
SECOND, BILLINGS.
THIRD, KRAMER.

I'VE HUNTED
WILD BOAR,
TIGER, BUFFALO,
ELEPHANT...
BUT *THIS IS*
IT. I'M *SHAKING*
LIKE A *KID*!



THE JUNGLE WAS WIDE AND FULL OF
TWITTERING, RUSTLING SIGNS. SUD-
DENLY IT ALL CEASED, AS IF SOMEONE
HAD SHUT A DOOR. SILENCE. THEN...
A SOUND OF THUNDER...



GREAT GOD!

SH!

OUT OF THE MIST CAME TYRANNO-
SAURUS REX...

IT CAME ON GREAT, OILED, RESILIENT, STRIDING LEGS. IT TOWERED TWENTY FEET ABOVE TREES, A HUGE EVIL GOD, FOLDING ITS DELICATE WATCHMAKER'S CLAWS TO ITS OILY, REPTILIAN CHEST. EACH LOWER LEG WAS A PISTON, A THOUSAND POUNDS OF WHITE BONE SUNK IN THICK ROPES OF MUSCLE, SHEATHED OVER IN A GLEAM OF PEBBLED SKIN. EACH THIGH WAS A TON OF MEAT, IVORY AND STEEL MESH. AND FROM THE UPPER BODY THOSE TWO DELICATE ARMS DANGLED, ARMS WITH HANDS THAT MIGHT PICK UP AND EXAMINE MEN LIKE TOYS...



MY GOD! IT COULD REACH UP AND GRAB THE MOON!

SH! IT HASN'T SEEN US YET...

THE HEAD, A TON OF SCULPTURED STONE, LIFTED EASILY UPON THE SKY. ITS MOUTH GAPPED, EXPOSING A FENCE OF TEETH LIKE DAGGERS. ITS EYES ROLLED, EMPTY OF ALL EXPRESSION SAVE HUNGER. IT RAN, ITS PELVIC BONES CRUSHING ASIDE TREES, ITS TALONED FEET CLAWING DAMP EARTH WITH A GLIDING BALLET STEP FAR TOO POISED AND BALANCED FOR ITS TEN TONS...



IT CAN'T BE KILLED. WE WERE FOOLS TO COME! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!

SHUT UP, ECKLES!

THE TYRANNOSAURUS RAISED ITSELF, ITS ARMORED FLESH CRUSTED WITH SLIME. AND IN THE SLIME, TINY INSECTS WRIGGLED, SO THAT THE ENTIRE BODY SEEMED TO TWITCH AND UNDULATE. IT EXHALED AND A STINK OF RAW FLESH BLEW DOWN THE WILDERNESS...



DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD BE THIS BIG! MISCALCULATED! NOW, I WANT OUT! GET ME OUT!

TURN AROUND! WALK BACK TO THE MACHINE! DON'T RUN...

ECKLES MADE A SERIES OF GRUNTING SOUNDS, AS IF HE'D BEEN HIT, VERY HARD, IN THE STOMACH. HE STARTED OUT... TOOK A FEW STEPS... BLINKING... SHUFFLING...



NOT THAT WAY!

THE MONSTER, AT THE FIRST MOTION, STARTED FORWARD WITH A TERRIBLE SCREAM. THE RIFLES JERKED UP AND BLAZED. A WINDSTORM FROM THE BEAST'S MOUTH ENGULFED THEM IN A STENCH OF SLIME AND OLD BLOOD...



HIS FEET SANK INTO GREEN MOSS...

ECKLES STUMBLER BLINDLY TO THE EDGE OF THE PATH, HIS GUN LIMP IN HIS ARMS, AND STEPPED OFF...

THE RIFLES CRACKED AGAIN. THEIR SOUND WAS LOST IN SHRIEK AND LIZARD THUNDER. THE MONSTER TWITCHED ITS JEWELER'S HANDS DOWN TO FONDLE THE MEN, TO TWIST THEM IN HALF, TO CRUSH THEM LIKE BERRIES, TO CRAM THEM INTO ITS TEETH AND ITS SCREAMING THROAT. ITS BOULDER-STONE EYES LEVELED WITH THE MEN. THEY SAW THEMSELVES MIRRORED, FIRED AT THE METALIC EYELIDS, THE BLAZING BLACK IRIS...



LIKE A STONE IDOL, LIKE A MOUNTAIN AVALANCHE, TYRANNOSAURUS FELL. THUNDERING, IT CLUTCHED TREES, PULLED THEM WITH IT. A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD SPURTED FROM ITS THROAT. SOMEWHERE INSIDE, A SAC OF FLUIDS BURST. SICKENING GUSHES DRENCHED THE HUNTERS. THEY STOOD, RED AND GLISTENING...



THE THUNDER FADED. THE JUNGLE WAS SILENT. AFTER THE AVALANCHE, GREEN PEACE. AFTER THE NIGHTMARE, MORNING...

THE MONSTER LAY, A HILL OF SOLID FLESH. WITHIN, YOU COULD HEAR THE SIGHS AND MURMERS AS ITS FURTHEST CHAMBERS DIED, THE ORGANS MALFUNCTIONING, THE LIQUIDS RUNNING, EVERYTHING SHUTTING OFF, CLOSING UP FOREVER. THE TONNAGE OF ITS OWN DEAD WEIGHT SNAPPED THE DELICATE FOREARMS CAUGHT UNDERNEATH. ANOTHER CRACKING SOUND. OVERHEAD, A HUGE TREE BRANCH BROKE FROM ITS MOORING AND FELL. IT CRASHED UPON THE DEAD BEAST WITH FINALITY...

THERE! RIGHT ON TIME! THAT'S THE **TREE LIMB** THAT WAS **SCHEDULED** TO **FALL** AND **KILL** THIS ANIMAL **ORIGINALLY**.



THEY CLIMBED BACK INTO THE MACHINE. ECKLES LAY ON THE FLOOR, SHIVERING...

I'M... I'M SORRY! GET UP!



ECKLES GOT UP. TRAVIS POINTED HIS RIFLE...

GET OUT! WE'RE LEAVING YOU HERE!

NO! NO, YOU CAN'T!

WAIT, TRAVIS!



YOU STAY **OUT** OF THIS, LESPER! **THIS** STUPID FOOL NEARLY **KILLED** US, BUT IT **ISN'T** THAT! **NO!** IT'S HIS **SHOES!** LOOK AT THEM. HE **STEPPED OFF THE PATH**. GOD KNOWS **WHAT** HE'S DONE TO **TIME** AND **HISTORY!**

I'LL **PAY!** I'LL PAY **ANYTHING!** PLEASE LET ME GO **BACK** WITH YOU!



TRAVIS GLARED AT ECKLES' CHECKBOOK AND SPAT...

GO OUT THERE! THE MONSTER'S NEXT TO THE PATH. STICK YOUR ARMS UP TO YOUR ELBOWS IN HIS BLOODY MOUTH. **THE BULLETS!** THE BULLETS **CAN'T BE LEFT BEHIND**. **GET THEM. DIG THEM OUT. THEN YOU CAN COME BACK WITH US!**



THE JUNGLE WAS ALIVE AGAIN, FULL OF THE OLD TREMORS AND BIRD CRIES. ECKLES TURNED SLOWLY TO STARE AT THE PRIMEVAL GARBAGE DUMP, THAT HILL OF NIGHTMARES AND TERRORS WHERE EVEN NOW STRANGE REPTILIAN BIRDS AND GOLDEN INSECTS WERE BUSY AT THE STEAMING ARMOR. AFTER A LONG TIME, LIKE A SLEEPWALKER, ECKLES SHUFFLED OUT ALONG THE PATH...



HE RETURNED SHUDDERING, FIVE MINUTES LATER, HIS ARMS SOAKED AND RED TO THE ELBOWS. HE HELD OUT HIS HANDS. EACH HELD A NUMBER OF STEEL BULLETS. THEN HE FELL. HE LAY, NOT MOVING...

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO MAKE HIM DO THAT, TRAVIS!

DIDN'T I? IT'S TOO EARLY TO TELL! HE'LL LIVE! NEXT TIME, HE WON'T GO HUNTING GAME LIKE THIS. OKAY! SWITCH ON. LET'S GO HOME...



1492...1776...1812. ECKLES WAS UP AND AROUND, NOT SPEAKING. TRAVIS GLARED AT HIM...



DON'T LOOK AT ME! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

WHO CAN TELL?

I JUST STEPPED OFF THE PATH, THAT'S ALL. GOT A LITTLE MUD ON MY SHOES! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, GET DOWN AND PRAY?

WE MIGHT NEED IT! I'M WARNING YOU, ECKLES, I MIGHT KILL YOU YET. I'VE GOT MY GUN READY!



I'M INNOCENT! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING! JUST STEPPED INTO A LITTLE MUD. THAT'S ALL...

1954...2000...2056. THE MACHINE STOPPED...



WE'RE HERE! GET OUT!



THE ROOM WAS AS THEY'D LEFT IT. THE SAME MAN SAT BEHIND THE SAME DESK. TRAVIS LOOKED AROUND, SUSPICIOUSLY...

EVERYTHING OKAY HERE?

FINE! WELCOME BACK!



TRAVIS RELAXED. HE TURNED...

OKAY, ECKLES! GET OUT OF THIS OFFICE AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!

ECKLES DIDN'T MOVE...

YOU HEARD ME! WHAT'RE YOU STARING AT?



ECKLES STARED AT THE SIGN ON THE OFFICE WALL... THE SAME SIGN HE HAD SEEN EARLIER THAT DAY WHEN HE'D FIRST COME INTO THE ROOM. BUT SOMEHOW, THE SIGN HAD CHANGED...

TYME SEFARI, INC.
SEFARIS TU ANY YEER EN THE PAST
YU NAIM THE ANIMALL
WEE TAEK YU THAIR
YU SHUTE ITT



ECKLES FELT HIMSELF FALL INTO A CHAIR. HE FUMBLER CRAZILY AT THE THICK SLIME ON HIS BOOTS. HE HELD UP A CLOD OF MUD, TREMBLING...

NO! IT CAN'T BE! NOT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT! NO!



EMBEDDED IN THE MUD, GLISTENING GREEN AND GOLD AND BLACK, WAS A BUTTERFLY... VERY BEAUTIFUL... AND VERY DEAD...

NOT A THING LIKE THAT! NOT A BUTTERFLY!



IT FELL TO THE FLOOR, AN EXQUISITE THING, A SMALL THING THAT COULD UPSET BALANCES AND KNOCK DOWN A LINE OF TINY DOMINOES, AND THEN BIG DOMINOES, AND THEN GIGANTIC DOMINOES, ALL DOWN THE YEARS ACROSS TIME. ECKLES' MIND WHIRLED. KILLING ONE BUTTERFLY COULDN'T BE THAT IMPORTANT. COULD IT?...

ECKLES MOANED. HE DROPPED TO HIS KNEES. HE SCRABBLED AT THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY WITH SHAKING FINGERS...

CAN'T WE... CAN'T WE TAKE IT BACK? CAN'T WE MAKE IT ALIVE AGAIN? CAN'T WE START OVER? CAN'T WE...

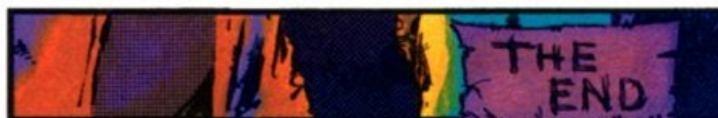


WHO... WHO WON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION YESTERDAY?

YOU JOKING? YOU KNOW DARN WELL! LYMAN, OF COURSE! WHO ELSE? NOT THAT BLASTED WEAKLING KEITH! WE GOT AN IRON MAN NOW! A MAN WITH GUTS! WE... SAY! WHAT'S WRONG?



HE LOOKED UP AT TRAVIS' ANGRY, FRIGHTENED FACE. TRAVIS SHOOK HIS HEAD...



THE RAY BRADBURY CHRONICLES



IT BURNS ME UP
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN
& MATT WAGNER

TOUCHED BY FIRE
BY SEAN PHILLIPS

THE BLACK FERRIS
BY JACK DAVIS

A SOUND OF THUNDER
BY RICHARD CORBEN

TYRANNOSAURUS REX
BY GARCES

A SOUND OF THUNDER
BY AL WILLIAMSON

FRONT COVER BY WILLIAM STOUT
BACK COVER BY DANIEL BRERETON

A BYRON PREISS BOOK



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